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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Liberal: Verse and Prose from the South. Volume the First. 8vo. pp. 164. London 1822. John Hunt.

AMONG the definitions of the adjective *liberal*, it is laid down to mean "not low in mind; becoming a gentleman." What the substantive means in the estimation of those who have adopted that title for the above periodical publication is wordily explained in their preface; but perhaps the world will be more apt to construe it from the work itself, in which case we are of opinion that not only every person of taste, good manners, and generous sentiments, but men of all political parties and religious persuasions, endowed with the common feelings of humanity, will come to the conclusion that its import is the very opposite to that of the adjective. If profanely to make a laughing-stock of the Majesty of Heaven, if to turn all things esteemed holy by a prodigious number of mankind into ridicule, if falsely to defame the venerated dead and vilify the honoured living, if to shock nature by brutal jests upon its direst calamities, if wilfully to misrepresent and maliciously to injure fellow-creatures, if rihaldry and cowardice, are the virtues which constitute a *Liberal*, then are the writers of this paper "not low in mind," but the observers of conduct "becoming gentlemen;" otherwise they are base and unmanly, wicked and contemptible.

When the grand Pisan Conspiracy was first bruited about, we did expect that a production of at least some mark and likelihood would be the issue. That it would at any rate be as conspicuous for bitterness as profligacy, for wit as malignity, and for talent as inclination to do mischief. But alas for this Foreign Levy and Domestic Treason! it is only as impotent as disgusting, as foolish as egotistical, and as despicable as indecent. We will not affirm that we have been disappointed, but certainly we have been surprised by the dull weakness of *The Liberal*, which seems to be sent into circulation to prove the truth of the homely old adage, that "Crest cows have short horns." We knew, indeed, that upon occasion Lord Byron could indite exceedingly stupid tragedies, and even bad poems; but we never imagined he could fall so miserably low as he does in his share of this wretched periodical. So paltry, so point-

less, so spiritless (for it displays no spirit but an evil spirit,) it would be a poor compliment to any of our daily Morning Journals to say that they often exhibit far more pithy and humorous articles written on the spur of the moment, between evening and dawn, than the best that appear in the matured and revised sheets of "Verse and Prose from the South."

But the curiosity which has been excited, and the novelty of seeing how Lord Byron performs as a Periodicalist, enforces upon us the task of turning over this rubbish; and we will endeavour, while fully and fairly spreading it out before our readers, to direct attention to whatever merits it may possess, as well as to establish the propriety of the character we have assigned to it. The latter is too obviously a consequence of course; for it is impossible to quote a page of the work without proving the heavy and disgraceful charges of impiety, heartlessness, and a want of gentlemanlike and natural feelings.

The volume, as we have intimated, sets out with a preface or prospectus, of a desultory and proxy kind, without a paragraph to distinguish it from the usual run of such things, if we except a few noble-minded pleasantries on the death of a late Minister, a liberal sneer at the Duke of Wellington's personal appearance ("a good hunting captain—a sort of human setter," a capital hit at reigning Monarchs, for being "a set of as common-looking gentry as you'd wish to see in a summer's day," and two or three other excellent jokes, such favourites that they are afterwards repeated with additions and amendments in the body of the work. Here they are but the prose ova; in the poems they are the perfect worms, and crawl abroad in the full offensiveness of caterpillars. But we must take care what we say, for the tremendous Preface, speaking of those who dare to impugn his High Mightiness or his judgments, declares, "the least we can do is to let these people see, that we know them, and to warn them how they assail us. The force of our answers will always be proportioned to the want of liberality in the assailant. This is a liberality, at all events, upon which our readers may reckon. The rest, which we were going to say, is this;—"

What the rest which this elegant writer was "going to say," and "is this," is a ferrage of stuff about Voltaire, Goethe, Schiller, Dante, Milton, Ariosto, and Boccaccio, as foreign to his subject as to our purpose; and therefore we shall only remark on the whole passage, that if no greater powers are displayed in the succeeding volumes than in the first, he must be a timid adversary indeed who could be deterred by a dread of this threatened "force of our answers," which reminds us of a drivelling idiot whom we once heard in an Edinburgh madhouse, warning Buonaparte not to invade Scotland, or he would annihilate him by "whirling the Pentland Hills on the top o' him." Parturient montes, nascitur ridiculus mus.

This preface, which is so infinitely below the level of a gentleman that we cannot in charity ascribe any part of it, even now, to Lord Byron, savours strongly of the vigour, gentility and liberality of Mr. Leigh Hunt; its winding up is peculiarly in his best newspaper manner: "Wherever, (quoth he) in short, we see the mind of man exhibiting powers of its own, and at the same time helping to carry on the best interests of human nature,—however it may overdo the matter a little on this side or on that, or otherwise partake of the common frailty through which it passes,—there we recognise the demigods of liberal worship;—there we bow down, and own our lords and masters;—there we hope for the final passing away of all obscene worship, however formalized,—of all monstrous sacrifices of the many to the few, however 'legitimized' and besotted."

Take away the dashes and parentheses from this sublime peroration, and you will learn that wherever, in short, Mr. Leigh Hunt sees the mind of man (i.e. man generally) exhibiting powers of its own (not of any individual man, nor of any other man,) though this mind does partake of the common frailty through which it passes (his beats our comprehension), he, Mr. Leigh Hunt, there recognises the demigods of liberal worship, and there (that is, wherever he sees them in the mind, as aforesaid) bows down and owns his lords and masters: there also he hopes for sundry glimpses of moonshine, which we dare say would be palpable to the mind that conceived and uttered such insane nonsense.

To this precious exhalation succeeds a Poem in 106 eight-line stanzas, called *The Vision of Judgment*: by Quevedo Redivivus, alias Lord Byron. It is founded on Mr. Southey's senseless production under the same title; and it is not one of the least of the demerits of that ill-advised publication, that it afforded so complete an opportunity for scoffers and malignants to vent their humours and barb their sarcasms upon its ridiculous model. That Lord Byron has failed to use it with the effect of which it was susceptible in abler hands, the community owes neither to Mr. Southey's pertinacity, nor to his Lordship's good will. To be more absurd than the original defied the Noble author's powers; and the only difference between the two Poems is, that the one is apparently a well-meant piece of enthusiastic folly; and the other, a meditated attempt to embody spiteful passions, while episodically doing the accustomed work of a writer, whose every energy is directed to deteriorate and degrade humanity. It is truly shocking to contemplate this constant aim at debasing every sentiment which elevates man above the brute. Heaven has no sanctity, earth no refuge, which is not invaded in order to reduce the whole to one abominable equality;—the body, the soul, life, death, eternity, are, in all their fearful changes or awful elements, but themes for the buffoon jest, the depreciating

OTANY. clogy of pervasion. Terminated with any Todd village of Vith as-bds. RES; or, Proceed- Affairs, Nicory, to which vory. By and. author of bds. ome. By ge, Cam-

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satire. And the individuals guilty of these attacks upon all that constitutes the superiority and happiness of human nature, are, forsooth, Liberals, Philosophers, Advocates for our abstract Dignity. They love not the idea of a worshipped Deity, they hate Kings, and they stigmatise all who hold opinions contrary to their own doctrines. But surely, before we consent to have our God pulled down, monarchy extinguished in the blood of Sovereigns, and our understandings prostrated before these Liberals, it is but just to require of them to show us that we shall be more exalted beings under their Moloch Necessity; more able to enjoy life with some other form of government than the monarchic; and more amiable, wise, and good unto each other, when under the dominion of such passions as tear the apostle Byron, thus constituted as we now are, according to the mild precepts of Christianity and the regulated amenities of social intercourse. Much do we fear that Necessity in action would make us most unpleasant neighbours; that poor Leigh Hunt's everlasting twaddle about the universal diffusion of loves in young hearts, &c. would lead oldish people, or even people of his own age, into miserable scrapes; and that the departed Genius's community of women, and consequent abolition of brothels (a principle also approved by the Noble head of the Pisan Confederates), would give rise to so many cut-throat quarrels, that the philanthropic abolition of tyrants and wars would hardly be felt in the scale of benefit to population.

The Vision opens with a burlesque view of Heaven. St. Peter sitting by the gate nodding over his rusty keys, the Angels singing out of time, the Guardian Seraphs of Earth formed into a black Bureau for the Recording Angel, whose business had so much increased as to render assistance necessary, and other conceits equally witty and equally decorous. As an example, we select the description of the Bureau, the least offensive, and the most humorous of the writer's efforts—

The guardian seraphs had retired on high,
Finding their charges past all care below;
Terrestrial business fill'd his sight in the sky
Says the recording angel's black bureau;
Who found, indeed, the facts to multiply
With such rapidity of vice and woe,
That he had stripp'd off both his wings in quills,
And yet was in arrest of human ill.

His business so augmented of late years,
That he was forced, against his will, no doubt,
(Just like those cherubs, earthly ministers,)
For some resource to turn himself about,
And claim the help of his celestial peers.
To aid him ere he should be quite worn out
By the increased demand for his remarks;
Six angels and twelve seraphs were named his clerks.

This was a handsome board—at least for heaven;
And yet they had even then enough to do;
So many conquerors' cars were daily driven,
So many kingdoms fitted up anew;
Each day too slew its thousands six or seven,
All as the crowning carcase, Waterloo,
They threw their penns down in divine disgust—
The page was so bespatter'd with blood and dust.

This by the way, 'tis not wise to record
What angels shrink from: even the very devil
On this occasion his own work abhor'd,
So surfeited with the infernal revel;
Though he himself had sharpen'd every sword,
He almost quench'd his insatiate thirst of evil.

(Here Satan's tale good work deserves insertion—
'Tis, that he has both generals in reversion.)

Such delicate wit and cutting irony challenges unabated admiration; the slap at what angels shrink from is "exquisitely keen," and the tirade against the Victor and victory of Waterloo, only impaired by its having been so often repeated before. With respect to this battle, our Liberals (the friends of freedom and Buonaparte, the Imperial republicans, the haters of monarchs and lovers of their own constitutional liberty-allowing Emperor, the abhorers of war and adorers of a man who never was at peace,) and among the foremost of them the British Peer, Lord Byron, seem to have been thrown by it into much the same quandary with the French Admiral Bougainville's Parrot, which spoke famously about self, "pretty poll," and other general parrotical matters, till it happened to be present at an engagement, wherein its master and friends were beaten by the English, and the great guns so affected its sensorium, that it could never afterwards utter a word but *boom! boom! boom!*

Parodying Southey's Vision, Lord B. in a still happier style relates the death of our late lamented King—

In the first year of freedom's second dawn

Died George the Third; although no tyrant, one
Who shielded tyrants, till each sense withdrawn
Left him nor mental nor external sun:

A better farmer he or brush'd dew from lawn,
A worse king never left a realm undone!
He died—but left his subjects still behind,
One half as mad—and t'other no less blind.

The feeling allusion to the infirmities of a body worn with many years, and a mind visited by the deepest affliction to which humanity is liable, proclaims the taste, the philanthropy, the loyalty, the patriotism, and the tenderness of the illustrious writer. That the venerable man thus ridiculed was a King, and allowed by the Noble Lord himself to be gifted with every private virtue, adds an indescribable zest to the brilliant stroke, which is crowned by the simple fact that he had also descended into the grave. Elsewhere it is said, with even finer tact,

— Saint Peter started from his place,
— And cried, "You may the prisoner withdraw:
Ere Heaven shall open her portals to this Gulf,
While I am guard, may I be damn'd myself!"

"Sooner will I with Cerberus exchange

My office (and his is no sinecure):

Than see this royal Bedlam bigot range

The azure fields of heaven, of that be sure!"

If we do not express our abhorrence of such heartless and beastly ribaldry, it is because we know no language strong enough to declare the disgust and contempt which it inspires. We affect no cant, we speak the sentiments of no party, but we are as confident as that "day is day, and night, night," that we deliver the judgment of Britain when we assert, that these passages are so revolting to every good feeling, there is not a gentleman in the country who will not hold their author in contempt as unworthy of the character of a gentleman—nor a man of common sense in the country who will not think him a posthumous libeller and assassin—nor a person of common humanity in the country who will not deem him a callous violator of every natural and ennobling sympathy—nor a Christian in the country who

— In another part the epithets are, "this old, blind, mad, helpless, weak, poor worm."

will not pity and pray for him. Even bad wit and genius gifted the odious thoughts, and had they been clothed in admirable language, as they are, on the contrary, feebly and stupidly expressed, we believe, for the honour of England, that there are very few of its people who would not have despised and detested the cold-blooded posthumous libeller.

If the memory of a virtuous King is so vilified, it is in keeping that his virtuous Consort should be in the same verse, "a bad, ugly woman;" and that the part should close with the following doggrel approach to blasphemy:

"God save the king!" It is a large economy

In God to save the like; but if he will

Be saving, all the better; for not one am I

Of those who think damnation better still:

I hardly know too-if not quite alone am I

In this small hope of bettering future ill

By circumscribing, with some slight restriction,
The eternity of hell's hot jurisdiction.

I know this is unpopular; I know

'Tis blasphemous; I know one may be damn'd

For hoping no one else may e'er be so;

I know my catechism; I know we are cramm'd

With the best doctrines till we quite o'erbow;

I know that all save England's church have

shamm'd.

And that the other twice two hundred churches

And synagogues have made a damn'd bad purchase.

God help us all! God help me too! I am,

God knows, as helpless as the devil can wish,

And not a whit more difficult to damn

Than is to bring to land a late-hook'd fish,

Or to the butcher to purvey the lamb:

Not that I'm fit for such a noble dish

As one day will be that immortal fry

Of almost every body born to die.

Getting fortunately out of his liberal ethics, our author makes another opportunity for another joke at another king. The decapitation of Louis XVI. afforded too fair a chance to be thrown away.

Saint Peter sat by the celestial gate,

And nodded o'er his keys; when lo! there came

A wondrous noise he had not heard of late—

A rushing sound of wind, and stream, and flame;

In short, a roar of things extremely great,

Which would have made aught save a saint

exclaim;

But he, with first a start and then a wink,

Said, "There's another star gone out, I think!"

But here he could return to his repose:

A cherub tapp'd his right wing o'er his eyes—

At which Saint Peter yawn'd, and rubb'd his nose:

"Saint porter," said the Angel, "pristee rise!"

Waving a goodly wing, which glow'd, as glows

An earthly peacock's tail, with heavenly dyes;

To which the Saint replied, "Well, what's the

matter?"

"Is Lucifer come back with all this clatter?"

"No," quoth the Cherub; "George the Third is

dead." [Apause]

"And who is George the Third?" replied the

"What George? What Third?" "The King of

England," said

The Angel. "Well! he wont find kings to justify

Him on his way; but does he wear his head?"

Because the last we saw here had a tangle,

And ne'er would have got into heaven's good graces,

Had he not hung his head in all our faces.

"He was, if I remember, king France;

That head of his, which could not keep a crown

On earth, yet ventured in my face to advance

A claim to those of martyrs—like my own:

If I had had my sword, as I had once

When I cut ears off, I had cut him down;
But having but my legs, and not my hands,
I only knock'd his head from out his hand.
And then he set up such a headless howl,
That all the saints came out, and took him in;
And there he sits by St. Paul, cheek by jowl;
That fellow Paul—the parvenu! The skin
Of Saint Bartholomew, which makes his cowl
In heaven, and upon earth redeem'd his sin
So as to make a martyr, never sped
Better than did this weak and woden head.

But had it come up here upon its shoulders,
There would have been a different tale to tell:
The fellow feeling in the saints beholders
Seems to have acted on them like a spell,
And to this very foolish head heaven's soldiers
Back on its trunk: it may be very well,
And seems the custom here to overthrow
Whatever has been wisely done below.

We may be censured for quoting so much;
but we feel assured that no harm can be done
by such trash, and it is as good as the rest of
the poem. On the contrary we think it
must disgust every one, and sicken the most
inveterate admirers of Lord Byron's muse
and principles. As in Southey, Satan urges
his claim to the soul of the departed; the
archangel, Michael, is the judge; and the
"angelic caravan," is described as bringing
the disembodied spirit,

With an old soul, and both extremely blind,
Halted before the gate, and in his shroud
Seated their fellow-traveller on a cloud.

To support his charges, the devil calls wit-
nesses—

— a cloud of witnesses.
But such a cloud! No land ere saw a crowd
Of locusts numerous as the heavens saw these;
They shadowed with their myriads space; their loud
And varied cries were like those of wild-geese,
(If nations may be liken'd to a goose) [grammar!]
And realized the phrase of "hell broke loose."

Here crash'd a sturdy oath of stout John Bull,
Who damn'd away his eyes as heretofore:
There Paddy brogued "by Jasus!"—"What's
your will?" [ghost swore]

The temperate Scot exclaim'd: the French
In certain terms I sha't translate in full,
As the first coachman will; and midst the war
The voice of Jonathan was heard to express,
"Our President is going to war, I guess."

Besides there were the Spaniard, Dutch, and Dane;
In short, an universal shoal of shades
From Ortheite's Isle to Salisbury Plain,

Of all climes and professions, years and trades,
Ready to swear against the good king's reign,
Bitter as clubs in cards are against spades:
All summon'd by this grand "subpoena," to
Try if kings mayn't be damn'd, like me or you.

When Michael saw this host, he first grew pale,
As angels can; next, like Italian twilight,
He turned all colours—as a peacock's tail,

Or smelt streaming through a Gothic skylight
In some old Abbey, or a trout not stale,
Or distant lightning on the horizon by night,
Or a fresh rainbow, or a grand review
Of thirty regiments in red, green, and blue.

We have given these stanzas in critical
justice, for whatever our opinion of the poem,
it is our duty to exhibit its best as well as
its worst parts for the opinion of the public;
and we find nothing in the whole equal to
this quotation, poor and trashy as it un-
questionably is. Wilkes and Junius are se-

lected from the throng; and a more lament-
able failure of humour, than occurs in their
descriptions, we never met with in the sick-
liest wittling. Wilkes rather throws blame
upon Bute and Grafton; and says,
— I shall be unwilling

To see him punished here for their excess,
Since they were both damn'd long ago, and still in
Their place below; for me, I have forgiven,
And vote his "habeas corpus" into heaven.

The Devil is then represented as angry at
being thus proven out of court, and this is
his facetious retort:—

"Wilkes," said the Devil, "I understand all this;
You turn'd to half a courtier ere you died,
And seem to think it would not be amiss
To grow a whole one on the other side
Of Charon's ferry; you forget that his
Reign is concluded; whatoe'er betide [labour,
He won't be sovereign more: you've lost your
For at the best he will but be your neighbour.

"However, I knew what to think of it,
When I beheld you in your jesting way
Flitting and whispering round about the spit
Where Belial, upon duty for the day,
With Fox's lard was basting William Pitt,
His pupil; I knew what to think, I say:
That fellow even in hell breeds farther ill;
I'll have him gag'd—'twas one of his own bills."

Can any body force a laugh at all this
drollery? Not even a grin worthy of the
subject, not even a ghastly smile! How
dead and rotten is the noble author's fancy,
yet even in its utter corruption there is not a
gleam. The call of Junius is still more vapid,
and there is not a glimmering of talent, till
the personal animosity against the Laureate
throws a little venom into the verse.
At length with jousting, elbowing, and the aid
Of cherubim appointed to that post,
The devil Asmodeus to the circle made

His way, and look'd as if his journey cost
Some trouble. When his burden down he laid,
"What's this?" cried Michael; "why, 'tis not a
ghost?"

"I know it," quoth the incubus; "but he
shall be one, if you leave the affair to me.

"Confound the Renegade! I have sprain'd
My left wing, he's so heavy; one would think
Some of his works about his neck were chain'd."

But to the point: while hovering o'er the brink
Of Skiddaw (where as usual it still rain'd),
I saw a taper, far below me, wink,
And stooping, caught this fellow at a libel—
No less on History than the Holy Bible.

"The former is the devil's scripture, and
The latter yours, good Michael; so the affair
Belongs to all of us, you understand.

I snatch'd him up just as you see him there,
And brought him off for sentence out of hand:
I've scarcely been ten minutes in the air—
At least a quarter it can hardly be:
I dare say that his wife is still at tea."

Here Satan said, "I know this man of old,
And have expected him for some time here;
A siffier fellow you will scarce behold,
Or more conceited in his petty sphere:

But surely it was not worth while to fold
Such trash below your wing, Asmodeus dear.
We had the poor wretch safe (without being bored
With carriage) coming of his own accord.

"But since he's here, let's see what he has done."
"Done!" cried Asmodeus, "he anticipates
The very business you are now upon,
And scribbles as if head clerk to the Fates.

Who knows to what his ribaldry may run,
When such an ass as this, like Balaam's, prates?"

"Let's hear," quoth Michael, "what he has to say;
You know we're bound to that in every way."

Now the Bard, glad to get an audience, which
By no means often was his case below,
Began to cough, and hawk, and hem, and pitch
His voice into that awful note of woe:
To all unhappy hearers within reach
Of poets when the tides of rhyme's in flow;
But stuck fast with his first hexameter,
Not one of all whose gouty feet would stir.

But ere the spavin'd dactyls could be spurr'd
Into reticative, in great dismay
Both cherubim and seraphim were heard
To murmur loudly through their long array;
And Michael ro'd ere he could get a word
Of all his foundered verses under way;
And cried, "For God's sake stop, my friend!
'twere best—

"Non Di, non homines,—you know the rest."

A general bustle spread throughout the throng,
Which seem'd to hold all verse in detestation;
The angels had of course enough of song
When upon service; and the generation
Of ghosts had heard too much in life, not long
Before, to profit by a new occasion; (what!
The Monarch, mute till then, exclaim'd, "What!
Pye come again? No more—no more of that!"

The tumult grew, an universal cough
Convulsed the skies, as during a debate,
When Castlereagh has been up long enough,
(Before he was first minister of state,
I mean—the *diabolus in personis*), some cried "off, off!"

As at a farce; till grown quite desperate,
The Bard Saint Peter pray'd to interpose
(Himself an author) only for his prose.

The varlet was not an ill-favour'd knave;
A good deal like a vulture in the face,
With a hook nose and a hawk's eye, which gave
A smart and sharper looking sort of grace

To his whole aspect, which, though rather grave,
Was by no means so ugly as his case;
But that indeed was hopeless as can be,
Quite a poetic felony "de se."

Then Michael blew his trumpet, and still'd the noise
With one still greater, as is yet the mode
On earth besides: except some grumbling voice,
Which now and then will make a slight inroad
Upon decorous silence, few will twice
Lift up their lungs when fairly overcrow'd;

And now the Bard could plead his own bad cause,
With all the attitudes of self-applause.

He said—(I only give the heads)—he said,
He meant no harm in scribbling; 'twas his way
Upon all topics; 'twas, besides, his bread,
Of which he burter'd both sides; 'twould delay
Too long the assembly (he was pleased to dread)
And take up rather more time than a day.

To name his works—he would but cite a few—
Wat Tyler—Rhymes on Blenheim—Waterloo.

He had written praises of a regicide
He had written praises of all kings whatever;
He had written for republics far and wide,
And then against them bitterer than ever;
For pantocracy he once had cried

A loud, a scheme less moral than 'twas clever;
Then grew a hearty antijacobin—[skin]
Had turn'd his coat—and would have turn'd his
He had sung against all battles, and again
In their high praise and glory; he had call'd
Reviewing "the ungentele craft," and then
Become as base a critic as e'er crawl'd—
Fed, paid, and pamper'd by the very men
By whom his muse and morals had been maul'd;
He had written much blank verse, and blanker
And more of both than any body knows. [prose]

He had written Wesley's life:—here, turning round
To Satan, "Sir, I'm ready to write yours,
In two octavo volumes, nicely bound,
With notes and preface, all that most allures
The pious purchaser; and there's no ground
For fear, for I can choose my own reviewers:
So let me have the proper documents,
That I may add you to my other saints."

Sathan bow'd, and was silent. "Well, if you,
With amiable modesty, decline
My offer, what says Michael? There are few
Whose memoirs could be render'd more divine.
Mine is a pen of all work; not so new
As it was once, but I would make you shine
Like your own trumpet; by the way, my own
Has more of brass in it, and is as well blown."

"But talking about trumpets, here's my Vision!
Now you shall judge, all people; yes, you shall
Judge with my judgment! and by my decision
Be guided who shall enter heaven or fall!
I settle all these things by intuition, [all,
Times present, past, to come, heaven, hell, and
Like King Alfonso! When I thus see double,
I save the Deity some worlds of trouble."

He ceased, and drew forth an M.S.; and no
Persuasion on the part of devils, or saints,
Or angels, now could stop the torrent; so
He read the first three lines of the contents;
But at the fourth, the whole spiritual show
Had vanish'd, with variety of accents,
Ambrosial and sulphureous, as they sprang,
Like lightning, off from his "melodious twang."

Those grand heroics acted as a spell: [pinions;
The angels stopp'd their ears and plied their
The devils ran howling, deafen'd, down to hell;
The ghosts fled, gibbering, for their own do-
minions—

(For 'tis not yet decided where they dwell,
And I leave every man to his opinions:)
Michael took refuge in his trumpet—but lo!
His teeth were set on edge, he could not blow!

Saint Peter, who has hitherto been known
For an impetuous saint, upraised his keys,
And at the fifth line knock'd the Poet down;
Who fell like Phaeton, but more at ease,
Into his lake, for there he did not drown,
A different web being by the Destinies
Woven for the Laureate's final wreath, whence
Reform shall happen either here or there.

He first sunk to the bottom—like his works,
But soon rose to the surface—like himself;
For all corrupted things are buoy'd, like corks,
By their own rottenness, light as an elf,
Or whisp that fits o'er a morass: he lurks,
It may be, still, like dull books on a shelf,
In his own den, to scrawl some 'Life' or 'Vision,'
As Wellborn says—'the devil turn'd precisian.'

The whole then concludes:

As for the rest, to come to the conclusion
Of this true dream, the telescope is gone
Which kept my optics free from all delusion,
And show'd me what I in my turn have shown:
All I saw farther in the last confusion, [one;
Was, that King George slip'd into heaven for
And when the tumult dwindled to a calm,
I left him practising the hundredth psalm.

Having in our preliminary remarks, and as
we went along, stated our opinions upon this
performance, we will not prolong this paper
out of due bounds by further observation. By
the extent of our extracts; we have acted
fairly towards the writer;—by the expression
of our loathing, we have faintly pictured
our own feelings, and, we trust, the sense
of ten thousand readers to one; and by the

whole, shown with what perfect application
Southey gave the name of "*The Satanic
School*" to that over which the Refugee
of Pisa presides. Did we desire ever so earnest-
ly to sink him lower, till

In the lowest deep a lower still,
we should do nothing more than copy the
Epigrams with which the first volume of the
Liberal concludes. Their decency, their
playful humour, their superlative wit, their
pure feeling, and above all, their unequalled
point, render them altogether worthy of
finishing this exhibition of unsophisticated
liberality and philosophical perfection.

Oh, CASTLEREAGH! thou art a patriot now;
Cato died for his country, so did'st thou;
He perish'd rather than see Rome enslav'd,
Thou cut'st thy throat, that Britain may be sav'd.

So CASTLEREAGH has cut his throat!—The worst
Of this is,—that his own was not the first.

So He has cut his throat at last!—He! Who?
The man who cut his country's long ago.
We shall reserve the puling balaam, of
which the rest is made up, till next week.

*An Account of the last Illness, Decease, and
Post Mortem Appearances of Napoleon
Bonaparte.* By Archibald Arnott, M.D.,
Surgeon 20th Regiment. 8vo. pp. 39.
London 1822. John Murray.

THE interest, historical, political, and moral,
that must ever be attached to the name of a
man who has played so memorable a part in
the terrible drama of our age, gives every
statement relative to Bonaparte a claim to
marked attention. Even the problematical
assertions concerning him of an O'Meara*
have excited the liveliest curiosity; and the
public look with increase of appetite to the
promised Narrative of his Campaigns about
to appear under the supervision of Count
Mentholon†.

The present pamphlet, though it contains
no new facts, is made extremely important

* The annexed letter from Hamburg (which
we insert on its own authority, as we do not re-
member the circumstance,) adds another to the
list of contradictions to which this writer has been
subjected:—"Hamburg, 10th September, 1822.

—To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.—
Sir,—Perceiving in a late *Literary Gazette* some
doubts as to the authenticity of many facts con-
tained in O'Meara's book, I shall be obliged to you
by your inserting the following:—Mr. O'Meara
states himself to have asked Buonaparte why he
arrested and conveyed Admiral Cockburn's brother
from Hamburg to Paris. Buonaparte (as
well he might) doubted the fact; he had no
recollection of it, and asked O'Meara whether he
was quite certain of it. O'Meara replied in the
affirmative, saying, that Admiral Cockburn had
assured him of it. Now, Sir, it is notorious that
it was not Mr. Cockburn, but Sir George Rumbold,
who was seized and carried off; so that it
is very unlikely that Sir George Cockburn should
have assured him of what he must have known
to be an untruth. I conclude the untruth to be
Mr. O'Meara's own fabrication, in order to fix
upon Sir George Cockburn a charge of indelicacy
in taking Buonaparte, as if in revenge, to St.
Helena.—I am, Sir, &c.

† The book advertised as forthcoming from
the pen of Napoleon, is a history of his Cam-
paigns; not of his life as an individual; and
though the latter would, if genuine, possess a
more powerful interest, the former will cer-
tainly be valued both by the military and general
reader. It was, we believe, upon this work that
Buonaparte bestowed his leisure hours at St.
Helena.

by the minuteness and authenticity of its
details. That these are chiefly confined to the
medical case is probably to be ascribed to the
nature and object of the publication, since it
is evident that Dr. Arnott could have added
a great deal of incomparably more interesting
information, had he chosen to risk the con-
sequences by entering into a descriptive ac-
count, painting the looks, behaviour, and
appearance, and reporting the precise lan-
guage of his extraordinary patient. His
abstinence from these topics, while it stamps
his record with the perfect character of a
document for posterity, deprives it of some
of those features which would have bestowed
more contemporary popularity.

The Preface sets forth the opportunities
enjoyed by the author, and his reasons for
publishing. "Having been (he tells us) in
attendance on that great and extraordinary
character, Napoleon Bonaparte, for some
weeks before he closed his mortal career, I
have been solicited by some friends in Eng-
land to give to the world an account of his
last illness, decease, and post mortem ap-
pearances; and I have been the more par-
ticularly urged to do so, as no other English
Medical person saw him in his death-bed
sickness: for although every medical aid the
island afforded was offered by Sir Hudson
Lowe, and recommended by myself when I
observed the disease to put on alarming
symptoms, he uniformly refused it, and even
required from his family a promise that, in
the event of his ever becoming insensible, no
other Medical person than Professor Antom-
marchi and myself should see him.

"From the time I first visited Napoleon
Bonaparte, and during my attendance on
him, I every day noted the symptoms and
progress of the disease; these notes, with
but little addition or alteration, form the
following few pages, and I hope they will
convey to the reader a fair view of Napoleon
Bonaparte's fatal malady. It may, however,
be necessary to premise that my remarks
were always written in haste, and only in-
tended for my own reference, not with the
most distant view of their ever meeting the
eye of the public."

The account then proceeds:

"Before I visited Napoleon Bonaparte, I
was consulted upon his case on the 25th of
March, by his own medical attendant, Pro-
fessor Antommarchi, who stated to me that
Napoleon Bonaparte had long been labouring
under some great derangement of function
in the digestive organs, which was charac-
terized by gastrodynia, nausea, and vomiting,
especially after taking food, very obstinate
costiveness, and great wasting of flesh and
strength. He further mentioned, that on the
17th of that month (March) Napoleon Bona-
parte had been seized with a febrile attack,
which he (Professor Antommarchi) in Italian
termed *febre gastrica pituitosa*. He informed
me that he had administered an emetic, ca-
thartics, and antimonials in small doses, with
the view of determining to the surface at the
onset of the fever; however, he said, the
symptoms were still urgent, viz. increased
heat, great prostration of strength, pain in
the epigastric region, most distressing vo-
miting, and constipated bowels.

"Our attention was directed, in the first
place, to the state of the *præputia*, and we
accordingly recommended purgatives; but as
Napoleon Bonaparte was somewhat capricious
in regard to taking medicine, it was left to
Professor Antommarchi to give him any cathar-

he could persuade him to take, so as to produce the effect we had in view. We also advised a large blister to be applied to the region of the stomach, and saline draughts in a state of effervescence to be given.

"Two days after, I again met Professor Antomarchi, who informed me that Napoleon Bonaparte had objected to the use of medicine, or remedies in any shape, and preferred leaving the disease to nature.

"On the evening of the 1st of April, at half-past ten o'clock, Professor Antomarchi called on me at the orderly officer's quarters at Longwood, and said that he had 'just come from the Emperor, who wished to see me immediately.' I accordingly accompanied Professor Antomarchi, and was led by him through a labyrinth of passages and rooms dimly lighted. When we reached Napoleon Bonaparte's bed-room there was no light whatever in it—it was perfectly dark. Count Montholon met me at the door—I knew his voice—he led me up to Napoleon Bonaparte's bed-side, and introduced me. After the usual ceremony of introduction had passed, I inquired into his state of health, and the nature of his complaints. I could not see him, as he would not permit a light to be brought into the room, but felt him. The pulse was tranquil, heat moderate, and the moisture on the skin rather more than natural. He complained much of his belly, which I examined, but could discover no tension or hardness; the bowels were slow, and appetite bad. His voice was strong, and he had some cough.

"Not being able to see him, to judge rightly of his complaint, we did not prescribe any thing that night. However, it was arranged that I should continue my attendance on him in conjunction with Professor Antomarchi.

"On visiting Napoleon Bonaparte on the morning of the 2d of April, we were informed that he had passed a restless night, had perspired profusely, and was then in a state of great debility. Pulse was 76 and regular, heat moderate, thirst inconsiderable, tongue loaded, countenance remarkably pallid. He complained of a gnawing pain in his stomach, with constant nausea and vomiting; the bowels were very slow, seldom an evacuation without the assistance of an *enema*; urine natural; spirits appeared much depressed; he manifested strong objections to taking medicine, and refused to take any in a fluid shape: indeed, his stomach was so irritable, that it was seldom either food or medicine would remain on it. However, under all circumstances, Professor Antomarchi and myself considered it most essential to clear the *primæ viæ*—we accordingly proposed to our patient that he should take medicine for that purpose immediately, and further recommended him to take jellies and such other light nutriment as the stomach would best bear. At first he objected to medicine altogether, but at length we did obtain from him a conditional consent to take some aperient, and as he gave the preference to the form of pill, we ordered the *pilul. albes.* comp. every six or eight hours, as occasion should require.

"On visiting him again in the evening, we found he had not taken the medicine, as recommended in the morning, nor could we prevail upon him to take it, and having had no saline evacuation for forty-eight hours, we ordered an *enema*."

Dr. Arnott, in this register form, continues

to give a journal of the symptoms which attended the last illness of Buonaparte, and of the efforts of his physicians till eleven minutes before six o'clock, P.M. of the 5th of May, when he expired. But as the daily note of pulses and medicines cannot be generally acceptable, (and as persons desirous of that particular information will procure the pamphlet,) we shall only extract the leading and most striking remarks. Among these is the frequent mention of the patient's refusal to follow the medical prescriptions, whether springing from an abhorrence of physic, or from a loathing of his wearisome captivity and life.

April 3. "The bowels were still obstinately constipated, yet we could not persuade him to take purgative medicine in any form, although we urged it in the strongest manner; but there was really so much apathy and indifference about our patient, that our arguments made no impression on him."—

April 4. "The bowels were still constipated, yet we could not prevail on him to take mild cathartics, as occasion required, although we carried conviction to his mind of the expediency of what we recommended. *Enemas* were the only remedies he would make use of."—

April 6. "He scarcely took any thing in the shape of nourishment; pulse was 76, and regular; heat natural. We did succeed in persuading him to take some aperient medicine that day, but it was so small a quantity that it had no effect upon him. We also recommended some cordial and tonic medicine, but could not induce him to take any thing more. He was that evening seized with coldness of the extremities, pain and tension of the stomach, vomiting, head-ache, and restlessness."—

On the 7th and 8th he was prevailed upon to take pills, and their effect was a wonderful mitigation of the symptoms, especially the vomiting and pain at stomach; but on the "evening of the 10th, the nausea and vomiting returned, the stomach rejected every thing he swallowed, and his strength appeared to be sinking rapidly; yet the pulse was 72 and regular. He on that day said to me, 'that the fever was now past, and that he had returned to the state he had been in for the last eight months, viz. great weakness and want of appetite: at the same time he placed his hand over the liver, and said to me, 'le foie,' upon which, although I had done it before, and given my opinion that there was no disease of the liver, I examined the right hypochondriac region again, and not finding any indication of fulness whatever, and judging from the symptoms in general, I told him, 'that I did not apprehend there was any disease of the liver; that perhaps there might be a little want of action in it.'"

"During the night of the 11th he was very restless, and had several severe fits of vomiting, which continued throughout the whole day of the 12th; what he vomited was a viscid mucous matter. After the vomiting he became quite exhausted, and signified to me that he was convinced medical aid could be of no avail to him, and that he was labouring under a fatal disease. On that day he asked me 'how a person died of debility, and how long one could live, eating as little as he did.'"

On the 14th and 15th the patient was easier and in better spirits; but on the 17th there was an aggravation of all the symptoms. He became drowsy (or comatose, as it is

medically expressed,) yet roused in the evening, and eat some minced pheasant, with a tablespoonful of claret and water. From this date to the 27th, we find nothing prominent; the symptoms were variable, as during the preceding fortnight. Buonaparte repeatedly refused medicine, and spoke of his disorder as one of the liver, and then as one of the stomach, and suffered greatly from nausea and vomiting, which weakened him much. On the 27th and 28th the retching became still more violent, and what came off the stomach more portentous; in one instance a dark-coloured fluid resembling coffee-grounds, and very offensive, and in another a dark-coloured grumous fluid containing small specks of blood. He talked incoherently on the 28th, and "most pertinaciously refused to take medicine."—

"Sometime during the night, in a raving fit, he had torn the *comp. aromaticum* off, but consented to have a blister applied over the stomach, which was done forthwith."—

30th April. The blister over the stomach had risen, and in the night Professor Antomarchi had applied one to the inside of each thigh. The draughts were not taken as ordered. Intellect was more collected; his respiration easy, and he lay in a composed state. Count Montholon informed me that he had *singultus* (hiccuping) for two hours during the night."—

"On the morning of the 1st of May he was much worse, his strength had sunk considerably, there appeared more anxiety than usual about him, the pulse had become more frequent, the skin clammy, the heat below natural, he had strong *singultus*, and talked incoherently."—

"On the morning of the 2d of May there was an aggravation of all the symptoms, almost continued *singultus*, anxiety, restlessness, and quick and oppressed respiration. The heat was natural and equable, the extremities keeping warm. Had some retching and vomiting. Pulse 102 and small, and in the evening rose to 108. He went to sleep at 10 o'clock that night, and did not awake until 3 next morning. He was then insensible, and showed great anxiety and restlessness. Pulse 100, small and weak; had no vomiting since the night before, and then it was inconsiderable. *Singultus* became very strong and distressing, the delirium increased, and he began to articulate very indistinctly."

Calomel produced some alleviation; but Dr. A. concludes—

"I left him at 9 o'clock that evening (4th May), in a sound sleep, breathing easy, and I was informed by those who were watching him, that he was tolerably composed and easy during the night, and until 5 o'clock in the morning; he was then seized with vomiting, and a dejection passed involuntarily. I was called immediately, and on examining the matter that had come off the stomach, I found it resembled the dark-coloured fluid which he had vomited on the 27th April. He had then great dyspnoea; there was a total loss of muscular motion, the under-jaw had dropped, and he had lost the power of deglutition; the eyes were fixed, the pulse varied from 103 to 110 in the minute, was small and weak, intermitted, and was easily compressed."

"That nothing should be left undone, although *moribundus*, sinapisms were applied to the feet, blisters to the legs, and one to the sternum, but none of them took effect; and all the symptoms increased until eleven minutes before six o'clock, P.M., when he expired."

Thus for ever closed the mortal career of one of the most extraordinary men that ever

lived. What his corpse was after death is matter of curiosity rather than of consequence, except in so far as the dissection shows the proximate causes of his dissolution.

May 6th, 1821.—On a superficial view, the body appeared very fat; which state was confirmed by the first incision down its centre, where the fat was upwards of one inch thick over the sternum, and one inch and a half over the abdomen.

On cutting through the cartilages of the ribs, and exposing the cavity of the thorax, a trifling adhesion of the left pleura to the pleura costalis was found; about three ounces of reddish fluid were contained in the left cavity, and nearly eight ounces in the right.

The lungs were quite sound.

The pericardium was natural, and contained about an ounce of fluid.

The heart was of the natural size, but thickly covered with fat; the auricles and ventricles exhibited nothing extraordinary, except that the muscular parts appeared rather paler than natural.

Upon opening the abdomen, the omentum was found remarkably fat; and on exposing the stomach, that viscus was found the seat of extensive disease; strong adhesions connected the whole superior surface, particularly about the pyloric extremity, to the concave surface of the left lobe of the liver; and on separating these, an ulcer, which penetrated the coats of the stomach, was discovered one inch from the pylorus, sufficient to allow the passage of the little finger. The internal surface of the stomach, in nearly its whole extent, was a mass of cancerous disease, or scirrhus portions, advancing to cancer; this was particularly noticed near the pylorus. The cardiac extremity, for a small space near the termination of the œsophagus, was the only part appearing in a healthy state. The stomach was found nearly filled with a large quantity of fluid, resembling coffee grounds.

The convex surface of the left lobe of the liver adhered to the diaphragm, but with the exception of the adhesions occasioned by the disease in the stomach, no unhealthy appearance presented itself in the liver.

The remainder of the abdominal viscera were in a healthy state.

A slight peculiarity in the formation of the left kidney was observed.

(Signed) Thomas Short, Physician and P.M.O.

Arch. Arnott, M.D. Surgeon 20th regt.

Charles Mitchell, M.D. Surgeon H.M.S. Vige.

Francis Burton, M.D. Surgeon 66th regiment.

Matthew Livingstone, Surg. H.C. Service.

Upon these data Dr. Arnott offers the following sensible remarks:

"It will no doubt appear singular that a person of Napoleon Bonaparte's habits should have been affected with scirrhus and cancer of the stomach;—a man who was noted for temperance, and never in his life indulged in any excess which could tend to produce such an affection.

"I have seen the disease before, but it was in men addicted to ardent spirits,—decided dram drinkers.

"We are given to understand, from great authority, that this affection of the stomach cannot be produced without a considerable predisposition of the parts to the disease, and that when there is no previous disposition, the stomach does not become affected with that disease. Whether Napoleon Bonaparte had any hereditary disposition towards this disease, I will not venture an opinion; but it is somewhat remarkable, that he often said that his father died of scirrhus of the pylorus; and the body was examined after death, and the fact ascertained. His faithful followers, Count and Countess Bertrand, and Count Montholon, have repeatedly declared the same to me.

"If then it should be admitted that a previous disposition of the parts to this disease did exist, might not the depressing passions of the mind act as an exciting cause? It is more than probable, that Napoleon Bonaparte's mental sufferings, in St. Helena were very poignant; by a man of such unbounded ambition, and who once aimed at universal dominion, captivity must have been severely felt.

"The climate of St. Helena, I consider healthy; the air is pure and temperate, and Europeans enjoy their health, and retain the vigour of their constitution, as in their native country.

"It is true; I have witnessed a great deal of disease in St. Helena, but that, viz. dysentery, and other acute diseases of the abdominal viscera, prevailed among the troops. The sickness of English soldiers, however, is not always a criterion of the insalubrity of a colony; their habits are very different from those of the higher ranks of life; they do not take that care of themselves which is so indispensable in a tropical climate to guard against atmospheric vicissitudes; they are also prone to intemperance, which renders the system more susceptible of disease; added to which, the duties of the soldiers in St. Helena were very severe, the strength of the garrison giving only one relief for night duty; and the working parties and fatigues were moreover very laborious on the days the men were off guard. But the officers who had little night duty retained their health and strength as in Europe. I can therefore safely assert, that any one of temperate habits, who is not exposed to much bodily exertion, night air, and atmospheric changes, as a soldier necessarily must be, may have as much immunity from disease in St. Helena as in Europe; and I may therefore further assert, that the disease of which Napoleon Bonaparte died was not the effect of climate.

"Scirrhus or cancer of the stomach is generally an obscure disease,—I know of no certain diagnosis of it: nausea, vomiting, and obstinate costiveness, are usually present, but these symptoms are also characteristic of other diseases of the chylopoietic viscera. Nevertheless, in the case of Napoleon Bonaparte, I did entertain a notion that some morbid alteration of structure in the stomach had taken place. My attention was first drawn to this when I learned that his father had died of scirrhus of the pylorus; and on the 27th and 28th of April, when he began to vomit the dark-coloured offensive fluid, I had little doubt but that ulceration had taken place in the stomach.

"The history Napoleon Bonaparte himself gave me of his illness, together with corresponding information I had from the persons composing his family, convinced me that he had been longer affected with the disease than was imagined. I was informed, that during the whole year of 1820 he had nausea and vomiting occasionally, and frequent accessions of fever. He lost altogether his natural appetite, and his countenance became remarkably pallid. Even so far back as the latter end of the year 1817 he was affected with pain in the stomach, nausea, and vomiting, especially after taking food. I am therefore inclined to think that the disease was then in its incipient stage, because from that time all the symptoms progressively increased till he died. The anomalous accessions of fever, and other constitutional derangements he had been so long affected

with, were, in my opinion, hectic symptoms; and I firmly believe that the sharp febrile attack he had on the 17th of March, although supposed to be the commencement of the disease, was nothing more than an aggravated paroxysm of hectic. Every practitioner is aware how irregular fits of hectic are, and how they vary from one another, seldom continuing to return in the same manner. In Napoleon Bonaparte's case the pulse was never very frequent; I could not, however, find out how it beat when he was in good health; its standard may have been low. There are few diseases in which the pulse is a better diagnosis than in hectic fever;—yet in some patients, although we find the health and strength wasting daily, the pulse beats as quietly and regularly as in perfect health.

"I conceive it would be an injustice to those distinguished personages who composed Napoleon Bonaparte's family, Count and Countess Bertrand, and Count Montholon, as well as to Monsieur Marchand, his first valet, if I were not to mention here their unremitting care and attention to him in his last illness: no language of mine can sufficiently express the solicitude they evinced for his recovery, and how eagerly they vied with each other in administering those little attentions, more easily conceived than described, but so essential and soothing on a sick bed.—The scene of sorrow Longwood House presented on the evening that great and extraordinary man breathed his last, will never be erased from my memory."

A letter to Sir Hudson Lowe gives a summary of the preceding statements (such as we have condensed them); and it is mentioned that all hopes of the disease terminating favourably, vanished on the 28th of April, when Bonaparte's "strength" sunk rapidly, the pulse increased in frequency. He became insensible, at times, to objects around him, evidently showing aberration of mind.

The close of the letter and of the pamphlet follows:

"On the 2d, 3d, and 4th of May, all the symptoms became more aggravated, and he sunk gradually. On the evening of the 4th he was more composed than he had been for some days before. He went to sleep at nine o'clock, and passed a tolerable night. However, at half after five o'clock on the morning of the 6th, he was seized with vomiting of a fluid of a very dark colour; this was immediately followed by a total loss of muscular motion; and the power of deglutition; the under jaw dropped, the eyes became fixed, the pulse small and weak, varying from 102 to 110 in the minute; in short, every thing denoted that dissolution was fast approaching. In this state he lingered until 40 minutes past five o'clock in the afternoon, when he expired.

"You are already in possession of the dissection report, which most satisfactorily points out the cause of death; the cancer in the stomach being so obvious, as was also the ulcer which penetrated the coats of that viscus."

"I may make a remark here, which does not appear in the dissection report, that the strong adhesions of the morbid parts of the stomach to the concave surface of the left lobe of the liver, perhaps, prolonged the patient's life; being over the ulcer, they consequently prevented the escape of the contents of the stomach into the cavity of the abdomen."

"What is very remarkable in this case, the patient did not become emaciated, at least to correspond with the disease."

"The dissection report will show how very fat the body was post mortem."

"I have the honour," &c.

Upon this account we refrain from suggesting any observation. Its candour and ability must strike every one; and the reflections to which the picture it draws of Napoleon's last moments must give rise, are too likely to be influenced by the minds of individual readers, to warrant any pointing or moralizing on our parts.

The Modern Art of Fencing. By le Sieur Guzman Rolando, of the Academie des Armes. Carefully revised and corrected, with a technical Glossary, &c. By J. S. Forsyth. With numerous plates. 18mo. pp. 240. London 1822. S. Leigh.

It is by no means extraordinary that we, accustomed as we are to Reviews, should know a little of the sword exercise, and wish to know more. We felt, therefore, exceedingly obliged to the author and publisher of this work, for putting it immediately into our hands; and if we have kept it by us for three weeks unnoticed, it is because we would not deliver an opinion upon it till we had tried every one of the manoeuvres with our ivory paper-cutting knife against an imposing Atlas, and thus verified the system, offensively and defensively, to be an excellent system. It is indeed,

"A hit, a palpable hit,"

and so utterly drowns criticism, that we are sure we shall have nothing to bestow upon it but encomium.

But it is needful even in our art to put ourselves into a position for effecting the point we have at heart; and accordingly we will, with our reader's permission, begin with the beginning, and make our bow to them according to the politest rules at setting out. Not that we pretend to do this act in the elegant way prescribed by our author, though we can assure the sceptical we have acquired considerable skill by practice with the ivory folder, in the following fashionable rule for the Salute:

"Carry the left hand to your hat; take it off gracefully, without precipitation, and without moving your head either to one side or the other, or looking any one in the face but your opponent: [The Atlas] take off your hat by the front part, if a round one; and by the corner, if a cocked one, nearest the front: hold it in such a manner that one point may be up and the other down, i. e. supinely."

"Raise your right hand above your head, the nails turned entirely upwards, and stretch out your arm; at the same time lower the left arm, and pass the right foot behind the left, close to the ankle, so that it may form the side of a square."

"Keep your legs close together in this position; the body erect, firm, and well-squared; your arm forming a transversal line, and the left wrist directed outwards."

"Mark now the Salute by a movement of the wrist at the height of the shoulder, one in Carte, and another in Tierce, with all the ease and elegance of which you are master."

Notwithstanding, we hope, the grace and precision we have reached in executing these movements, it is quite ludicrous to observe the trepidation with which the old charwoman who dusts our study, and who was wont to enter so fearlessly, now approaches our immediate presence. Aged as she is,

she understands nothing of the "Prise of the ancients," and it appears that the only things in the noble art of fencing which she does comprehend are "Evasion" and the "Measuring of distance," which if she cannot accomplish, she is thrown almost into tears. But what has our old woman, or old Atlas either, to do with the Sieur Guzman Rolando's treatise and Mr. Forsyth's revision?

The Sieur (mark of *Seigneurie d'un tel lieu*)—the Sieur Rolando taught pupils for forty years how to give a Rowland for an Oliver, with such fame that it may justly be said of him; his glory *passes all praise*, and there is no appeal against its universal acceptance. Unlike that miserable Master who suffered himself to be slain in a Duello,

Begot in a Cart,

In a Cart first drew breath;

Carte and Tierce was his life,

And a Carte was his death;

Epitaph—vide Josephus Miller, passing.

The Sieur Rolando lived respected at all points, and died without parade in his bed, like an able swordsman and a Catholic Christian. His biographer paints him without a *faible*, except at the lower extremity of his weapon; a hero of matchless fortitude, and cheerfully foiled in his brilliant efforts to push his way with security and honour. That such a man must submit to destiny and die, is to be lamented; but though he was not sharp enough to parry the scythe of Grim Rattlebones, it is some consolation to learn (from Mr. Forsyth) that after all his long lingers to come home to others, he was gathered to his own long home full of years, and covered with immortal laurels.

This improved edition of his learned precepts is with infinite propriety dedicated to H. R. H. the Commander in Chief of the British Forces; to whom all valour-stirring books are bound to be devoted, from campaigns, to the history of duels and Boxiana, upwards. Some admirable introductory remarks preface the compendium; and to these we must resort for the justification of our unlimited panegyric upon this small but perfect performance. The Editor modestly assures us that his labours have been directed "not so much with a view of throwing entirely new light upon the art itself, as to give a brief and succinct analysis of its complications and varieties; the greater and more important parts of which appear to have been disregarded by previous compilers, who have merely copied their predecessors, without supplying the chasms they have left with a single iota of any description, either in point of interest, utility, or further elucidation, beyond what has been known during the last half century."

Here the extreme importance of the art is hinted at; and the recklessness of preceding masters (who never thought of filling up the chasms they left) is temperately rebuked, without envious prolixity; since, as the writer truly saith, "lengthened details and argumentative disquisitions have been cautiously avoided." Upon these grounds he with good reason "claims the attention of the *Fencing World*," (pref. p. xi.) which claim it is our pleasing task to enforce, for the *Fencing World* would be most unjust to resist it. And we fancy this appeal is more universal too than is obvious at first sight; for who are the *Fencing World*? Not merely the master who teaches the sublime art of whipping an adversary through the lungs in a way so neat and elegant as almost to make the sensation

agreeable -- at least till you come to take breath upon it. Not merely the pupils so taught. These are but small (sword) portions of the *Fencing World*. But look around, or as is written of St. Paul's Church *Chromatice*, and you will discover that the *Fencing World* comprehends nearly the whole human race. The coquette fences with her lovers; the maiden fences with her inclinations, the wife fences with her lord and master, the widow fences with departed memories; the fine lady fences with point lace, the rustic with her rosy cheeks in Cart; and all the sex with various weapons, for the glory of hitting us hard about the third button, and drilling a hole through our vests into our ventricles. The male creation are only employed in similar aims and similar struggles, though in very different ways: The invalid is fencing off sickness, the doctor is sometimes his second, sometimes his opponent; the lawyer is fencing off justice; the parson is fencing with sin; the tradesman fencing with his customers, and trying every feint; the politician is fencing against candour and truth; the scholar is fencing with his books, (as we with our Atlas); the clown is fencing in ignorance; and the critic is fencing with authors (heaven send, without Double Play!) in a grand assault.

But even in the more limited sense, the fencing of Sieur Rolando, this noble art comes before us very strongly recommended.

Sir John Sinclair (*Code of Health*, vol. 1. p. 488) declares that it is not only conducive to longevity, but absolutely *enlarges the bones of the chest and thorax*.

Locke (*on Education*) calls it an essential part of good breeding.

A more modern author tells us, that it sharpens the mind for the practice of war; tends to place the body well on the hanches, give power to the loins, and open the chest. He goes even farther, and says, "It serves also to convey a knowledge of man as the medium of trying and improving temper," but this we think would stand an argument.

Wright (*on Elocution*) praises it as an auxiliary to eloquence; and the great Lord Chatham, in one of his letters to his nephew, Lord Camelford, assures him, it will place his head upright, and plant him well upon his legs. In this light would it not be a great auxiliary to the code of Bankrupt Laws? We humbly suggest this for the decision of the Lord Chancellor, which of course we anticipate before our next Number.

With such authorities in its behalf, it would be silly in us to thrust forward the work which so ably expounds the art for the public benefit. Secure of popularity, we only desire that enthusiasts may be aware, before they are drawn upon, how much time and application will be necessary for their complete accomplishment.

"Fencing (says the author, honestly indignant at the idea that so superb an accomplishment may be lightly attained) -- Fencing cannot be acquired in a few weeks or months; and the man who could boast himself upon public notice with such base pretensions deserves the public scorn, and the obloquy of every honest individual for his audacious presumption."

With due diligence, however, (we speak from the Rules in this Compendium,) and, with good natural gifts, one may, in half a dozen years, become sufficiently acquainted with Carte and Tierce; with Planconning; with Cavation, Sopination, Pronation, and Mean Position; with the whole nice

Thrusts; with the eighteen Parades, which the moderns have substituted for the ancient six; with Evasion; with Counters; with Disengagements; with Volting (which we do not approve) and with all those qualifications which render "*le coup de jarnac*" a mere matter of course.

To such of our friends, ladies and gentlemen, who are too much occupied, and consequently too little at leisure for the needful study, we beg leave to recommend the "Circle Parade," which may be learnt in less time, and seems to possess nearly all the guarding virtues which we have witnessed in a shilleah grasped firmly by the middle and flourished about with the willing vigour of hibernian muscle. The Circle Parade, be it known, or—"Parrying with the Circle, is wheeling your foil closely and rapidly round from right to left, to throw off your adversary's point from the centre of attack.

"The Circle Parade would be almost general against every thrust that could be given, if the circle could be regularly formed as long as it might be necessary in order to join an adversary's blade who possesses both vivacity and address:—so that it is demonstrable we are not likely to be run through the vitals, so long as we can continue this guardian angel of a Parade; for, adds the learned Sieur—

"If, nevertheless, you practise well this parade, after the manner here pointed out, it will be of great assistance to you under a variety of circumstances, in spite of all that has been said to the contrary; particularly in retreating, as it embraces and connects with its circular revolution the thrusts that may be directed towards you: besides, it intercepts all designs, the Half-thrusts, Feints, Double-feints, and principally the thrusts of low Carte and Quinte. It is only on the high thrusts that it is necessary to return to the simple parade of Carte to avoid being touched.

"To execute effectually the Circle Parade, extend your arm, holding the wrist in supination about the height of the mouth, the nails up, the point of your foil very low, and by the motion of the wrist alone from right to left describe in an oblique manner the figure of a cone double, and, in as narrow a compass as possible, form a circle as often and as long as you are able, in order to acquire that suppleness and ease which this parade requires; which, above all others, though far from being the least useful, is the most difficult to perform."

To conclude, all the faculties which are requisite for a good fencer may be summed up in Tact or sensibility of touch; sharpness of sight, sharpness of motion, and sharpness of weapon; quickness, precision, and judgment—which latter our author thus exquisitely defines and applies.

"This innate sentiment of the soul, this ray of light which enables us to discern whatever may be favourable or unfavourable to us, and which renders us capable of reason and reflection, is a divine emanation bestowed upon every rational creature, although in unequal proportions. It has its origin in the arrangement and disposition of our organs of sense. The exercise of its powers are fully acknowledged in the frequent execution of our functions. But with respect to Fencing, the judgment may be divided into two parts, viz. Speculation and Experience: instruction supplies the one, and practice the other."

Endowed with these attributes, you are

finally instructed not to allow your adversary to kill you before you are ready, and not to take an advantage of him before he is on his guard—for,

"In the first case, it would be shameful to be conquered; in the other, it would be equally disgraceful to prove a conqueror.—

"*Ira obstinendum est, sine par est qui laceandus est, sine superior, sine inferior. Cum pare contendere, anceps est; cum superiore furiosum, cum inferiore sordidum. Illuc, vinci turpe est; hic vincere.*"—Seneca de Iracundia.

BALLANTYNE'S NOVELIST'S LIBRARY, VOL. IV.

In our last, we paid our respects to Sir Walter Scott's observations on *Le Sage*. Of Mr. Johnstone, the author of *Chrysal*, the Memoir is shorter. He was by birth an Irishman, and it is believed by descent a Scotchman, of the Annandale family. He was bred to the English Bar, and published his well-known *Chrysal*, which caused a strong sensation, in 1760. His other works are obscure and forgotten, and we dare say few of our readers ever heard the titles of

"The Reverie; or, a Flight to the Paradise of Fools." 2 vols. 12mo. 1762. A Satire.

"The History of Arbaces, Prince of Betlis." 2 vols. 12mo. 1774. A sort of political romance.

"The Pilgrim; or, a Picture of Life." 2 vols. 12mo. 1776.

"The History of John Juniper, Esquire, alias Juniper Jack." 3 vols. 12mo. 1781. A romance in low life."

In 1782, Mr. Johnstone went to India, and wrote under the signature of Onecipolos in the Bengal Newspaper, of which he became a proprietor. He died in 1800, aged 70. We copy the following general and acute and sensible remarks from his Memoir—

"It is chiefly in the tone of the satire that the *Adventures of Chrysal* differ from those of *Le Sage's* heroes. We have compared the latter author to Horace, and may now safely rate Charles Johnstone as a prose Juvenal. The Frenchman describes follies which excite our laughter—the Briton produces vices and crimes, which excite our horror and detestation. And, as we before observed that the scenes of *Le Sage* might, in a moral point of view, be improved by an infusion of more vigour and dignity of feeling, so Johnstone might have rendered his satire more poignant, without being less severe, by throwing more lights among his shades, and sparing us the grossness of some of the scenes which he reprobates. As *Le Sage* renders vice ludicrous, Johnstone seems to paint even folly as detestable, as well as ridiculous. His Herald and Auctioneer are among his lightest characters; but their determined roguery and greediness render them hateful even while they are comic.

"It must be allowed to this caustic satirist, that the time in which he lived, called for such an unsparing and uncompromising censor. A long course of national peace and prosperity had brought with these blessings their usual attendant evils—selfishness, avarice, and gross debauchery. We are not, perhaps, more moral in our conduct than men were fifty or sixty years since; but modern vice pays a tax to appearances, and is contented to wear a mask of decorum. A Lady H.—and the Pollard Ashe, so often mentioned in Horace Walpole's Correspondence, would not certainly dare to insult decency in the public manner then tolerated; nor would our wildest debauchees venture to

imitate the orgies of Medenham Abbey, painted by Johnstone in such horrible colours. Neither is this the bound of our improvement. Our public men are now under the necessity of being actuated, or at least appearing to be so, by nobler motives than their predecessors proposed to themselves. Sir Robert Walpole, who, after having governed so many years by the most open and avowed corruption, amassed for himself a more than princely fortune out of the spoils of the state, would not now be tolerated.

The age would not endure the splendours of Houghton. Our late ministers and statesmen have died, almost without an exception, beggared and bankrupt; a sure sign, that if they followed the dictates of ambition, they were at least free from those of avarice: and it is clear that the path of the former may often lie parallel with that prescribed by public virtue, while the latter must always seduce its votary into the bye-way of private selfishness. The general corruption of the ministers themselves, and their undisguised fortunes, acquired by an avowed system of perquisites, carried, in our fathers' times, a corresponding spirit of greed and rapacity into every department, while, at the same time, it blinded the eyes of those who should have prevented spoliation. If those in subordinate offices paid enormous fees to their superiors, it could only be in order to purchase the privilege of themselves cheating the public with impunity. And in the same manner, if commissaries for the army and navy filled the purses of the commanders, they did so only that they might thereby obtain full license to exercise every sort of pillage, at the expense of the miserable private. We were well acquainted with men of credit and character, who served in the Havanah expedition; and we have always heard them affirm, that the infamous and horrid scenes described in *Chrysal*, were not in the slightest degree exaggerated. That attention to the wants, that watchful guardianship of the rights and interests, of the private soldier and sailor, which in our days do honour to these services, were then totally unknown. The commanders in each service had in their eye the amassing of wealth, instead of the gathering laurels, as the minister was determined to enrich himself, with indifference to the welfare of his country; and the elder Pitt, as well as Wolfe, were considered as characters almost above humanity, not so much for the eloquence and high talents of the one, or the military skill of the other, as because they made the honour and interest of their country their direct and principal object. They dared, to use the classical phrase, to condemn wealth—the statesman and soldier of the present day would, on the contrary, not dare to propose it to himself as an object.

"The comparative improvement of our manners, as well as of our government, is owing certainly, in a great measure, to more general diffusion of knowledge and improvement of taste. But it was fostered by the private virtues and patriotism of the late venerated Monarch. The cheek which his youthful frown already put upon vice and license, is noticed in *Chrysal* more than once; and the disgrace of more than one minister, in the earlier part of his reign, was traced pretty distinctly to their having augmented their private fortunes, by availing themselves of their political information to speculate in the funds. The abuses in public offices have,

in like manner, been restrained, the system of perquisites abolished, and all means of indirect advantage interdicted, as far as possible, to the servants of the public. In the army and navy the same salutary regulations have been adopted; and the Commander-in-chief has proved himself the best friend to his family and country, in cutting up by the roots these infectious cankers, which gnawed our military strength, and which are so deservedly stigmatized in the caustic pages of *Chrysal*.

There is a feeling and judicious apology for Whitfield, the Methodist leader, in this biography, which our limits do not permit us to transcribe, though we cannot resist the claim which its justice and liberality urges to a partial extract—

“It is not quite the province of the Editor of a book of professed amusement, to vindicate the tenets of a sect which holds almost all amusement to be criminal, but it is necessary to do justice to every one. The peculiar tenets of the Methodist are, in many respects, narrow and illiberal—they are also enthusiastical, and, acting on minds of a certain temperament, have produced the fatal extremities of spiritual presumption, or spiritual despair. But to judge as we would desire to be judged, we must try their doctrine, not by those points in which they differ, but by those in which they agree with all other Christians; and if we find that the Methodists recommend purity of life, strictness of morals, and a regular discharge of the duties of society, are they to be branded as hypocrites because they abstain from its amusements and its gaieties? Were the number of the Methodists to be multiplied by an hundred, there would remain enough behind to fill the theatres and encourage the fine arts. Respecting the remarkable person by whom the sect was founded, posterity has done him justice for the calumnies with which he was persecuted during his life, and which he bore with the enduring fortitude of a confessor. The poverty in which Whitfield died, proved his purity of heart, and refuted the charge so grossly urged, of his taking a selfish interest in the charitable subscriptions which his eloquence promoted so effectually. His enthusiasm—for Providence uses, in accomplishing great ends, the imperfections as well as the talents of his creatures—served to awaken, to a consciousness of their deplorable state, thousands, to whose apathy and ignorance a colder preacher might have spoken in vain; and perhaps even the Church of England herself has been less impaired by the schism, than benefited by the effects of emulation upon her learned clergy.”

With this, we conclude our review, a review which, we are inclined to think, will induce many to become possessors of this excellent collection of Novels.

We ought to have stated that *Le Sage's* Novel of *Vanillo Gonzales* (only inferior to his *Gil Blas*) is an original translation, and will greatly amuse the English reader, who has hitherto been unable to enjoy its lively pictures of manners and touches of character.

Coyne on the Nitro-Muriatic Bath. 8vo. pp. 144. London 1822. J. Warren; and T. & G. Underwood.

As the use of the Nitro-Muriatic Acid Bath, for the cure of many diseases, and especially the Cholera Morbus, so fatal in India, has

led to a great diversity of medical opinion, and is held forth by its advocates with very high pretensions as a specific, we beg to direct notice to this publication from the pen of Mr. Coyne, answering objections, stating the mode of application, and supporting the theory by cases and experience. It will not be expected of us to go into the subject and discuss its merits. We can only say generally that the author appears to be a clever if not always a convincing reasoner. We think him often successful in his replies; but sometimes the reverse. For instance, when he copes with the able and ingenuous opinion of Dr. Scudamore, who tried the medicine upon himself, it seems a little too much to argue (page 42) that because Dr. S. in describing his symptoms, mentions them as what “in common language were called slightly bilious,” he might be employing those expressions as vaguely as any unprofessional man.

Mr. C. complains that the remedy has not had a fair trial by those who condemn it; and as it certainly appears from the objections to be a powerful agent, (though one opposes it for being altogether inoperative, and another for being totally destructive,) we could wish that it were subjected to a regular and complete course of experiments. The 17 cases adduced by Mr. C. on his own experience, are strong ones, and we regret that he did not add to them those which he tells us were made with equal success in the York Military Hospital at Chelsea. Upon the whole, we think this essay deserving of medical attention; for when we look at the immense improvements in the healing art within the last fifty years, which we cannot but ascribe to the multitude of theories and systems that have been broached, we can never consider it right to oppose untried any hypothesis whatever, and still less one founded on the wonderfully advanced science of chemistry.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

THE MERMAID.

This phenomenon is now exhibiting, and we have taken an opportunity to inspect it very carefully. It is certainly a curiosity worth seeing, and if an imposition (upon which point we shall offer some remarks in our next,) we are convinced that its immediate proprietor is not privy to it. At present we have little to state in addition to the original information which we laid before the public. The creature is very dry and mummy-like; enclosed in a glass case; and our print (No. 297.) affords a complete idea of its form and features. The exhibition attracts many visitors, (we were told 300 on the first day,) and, if we may judge from questions asked while we were viewing, gives rise to not a few droll inquiries. A shilling's worth of knowledge may be acquired in some shape or other.

PENNSYLVANIAN ANTIQUITIES.

(Extracted from a letter from a German Settler in the western parts, dated the 28th July 1821.)

Near Brownsville, a town on the Monongahela, in the western part of Pennsylvania, a storm lately tore up a large oak. By its fall with its roots, the surface of a sand-stone work was laid bare about 16 feet square. On the smooth surface of this work several figures are engraved, among which are two of the human form, a man and a woman,

with a tree between them; the woman has fruit in her hand; figures of deer, bears, turkey cocks, &c. are also carved on it. The Oak was at least from 500 to 600 years old, consequently these figures must have been carved long before the discovery of America by Columbus. Similar discoveries have likewise been made in other parts of the United States. In the countries about the Ohio several hills have been already discovered, which are certainly the work of human hands, and must have required the labour of thousands. On a journey through them, I saw, among others, one of these hills whose perpendicular height was 75, the circumference at the base 540, and at the summit 120 feet. On the sides and on the summits grow large oaks, apparently from 400 to 600 years old. Near the mouth of the River Muskingum, 183 miles below Pittsburg, there is an ancient fortification, occupying about 40 acres of ground. Round it are several longish quadrangles of 140 to 200 feet in length, surrounded with ramparts from 10 to 30 feet in height, on which there are also very old oaks. On each side are three openings at equal distances, the middle one about 30 feet in breadth and 22 in height. The whole is surrounded by a mound of earth, the base of which is from 36 to 40 feet and its height about 10 feet. According to all appearance, these works have been abandoned for many centuries. But by whom they were erected is unknown. The oldest Indians say that they existed at the arrival of their forefathers. In digging cellars and wells, are also occasionally found petrified implements and utensils, which indicate a degree of civilisation unknown in any of the Indian nations. R.

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

CAMBRIDGE, Oct. 11.—Yesterday, the 10th inst. (being the first day of Michaelmas Term,) the following gentlemen were admitted

Bachelors of Arts.—A. Boyd, Trinity College; W. St. John Mildmay, T. Earle Pison, M. Anderson and J. Brownlow, St. John's College; Wm. Brooke Kempson, Sidney Sussex College.

On the same day, Thomas Worsley, B.A. Scholar of Trinity College, was elected a Travelling Bachelor on the foundation of Mr. Worts.

There will be congregations on the following days of the present term:—

Wednesday.....Oct. 23, at eleven.

Wednesday.....Nov. 6, at eleven.

Wednesday.....—20, at eleven.

Wednesday.....Dec. 4, at eleven.

Monday.....Dec. 16, (end of term) at ten.

GERMAN CRITIQUE OF THE FORTUNES OF NIGEL.

A YOUNG Scotch Lord comes to London and to Court; he is engaged and entangled by his heart and his senses, and hesitates between the good and the indifferent, between dallying and love, between court favour and disgrace, till the good, love, and favour preponderate (a certain number of sheets and volumes beat turns the rate,) and the novel ends. It cannot, however, be denied, that this Novel has many beauties; but the celebrated author of *Waverley*, &c. lays himself open to many attacks; and if we compare the weak and the brilliant ideas of his latest work, the former are found to prevail. The hero, as in many (perhaps in most) of the novels of the same author, is nothing less than a hero: he seems to have

come from a boarding-school for young ladies, rather than from a British university. He is obliged to put up with being lectured and snubbed by whoever comes in his way, from the king, (this might pass, as better than Nigel must bear the same) and his jeweller, George Heriot, down to his morose, obstinate servant Richard: he is a complete milk-sop (dawdle, or some other word expressive of want of a character of his own, the German expression in this place being, "He is characterless personified,") and so weak, that from mere childish vanity and ill-timed shame, he hazards his own honour and that of others, without blushing or being angry with himself, except quite in secret. We are as little pleased, on the whole, with the affectionate, tender Margaret Ramsay; her behaviour is too often very out of the way and peevish, and at times she is tiresome. The obliging reviewer of this novel in the *Literary Gazette*, No. 280, who quite overflows with delight in making extracts from the *Fortunes of Nigel*, even he, ventures to consider the adventures of the mysterious lady, Hermione, in Spain, with her cold blooded Machiavel of a lover, as improbable: to us this Hermione appears like a glass figure, which the slightest touch can overturn and reduce to nothing. The Page Latin resembles in many particulars him in Kennilworth, the barber's wife, Ursula Suddelchops, the chronometer-maker David Ramsay, &c. and even George Heriot, have often appeared before, in a different costume. But when higher objects are aimed at in a novel, the paintings of characters are a subordinate consideration, and we have perhaps dwelt so long on them, only because the English critics are quite confounded in gaping admiration at these "endless and nicely discriminated varieties," where "every one is perfect in his kind," of these "realizations of life," and all the savoury morsels with which English criticism regales this favourite of literary fortune, the presumed Sir Walter Scott.

Walter Scott (or whoever the author may be) evidently wished to conduct us through an important period of the English history; he would make us acquainted with the manners of that period in which the crowns of England and Scotland were united, and draw a picture of the court of James I. In this he has in part succeeded; we see, as those famous critics say, a series of masterly sketches before us; the romantic period in which he places us, is painted in a most attractive and faithful manner. Some of the traits are perfect: we have the king himself before our eyes, with his good heart, his weak character, his petty, vain, pedantic mind. And yet this novel, which, after what the author has actually performed, might have been most powerfully interesting as a complete historical picture, is without energy, without sterling worth, without interest. The author squanders his rich and admirable materials; dissipates, like a prodigal, his rare talent; his splendid imagination, his manifold antiquarian knowledge, his learning—and all for what? Because he does not command himself, because his subject is mightier than he, because he does not lay down one vigorous predominant idea as the foundation of his works, because he chooses to do homage to the taste of the age, and—because he writes a novel in three volumes every six months. Even in England he is blamed for his post-haste, which leads his extraordinary talents more and more astray.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

ENGLAND'S DEAD.

Son of the Ocean-isle!
Where sleep your mighty Dead?
Show me what high and holy pile
Is rear'd o'er Glory's bed.

Go, Stranger! track the Deep,
Free, free the white sail spread!
Wave may not foam, nor wild wind sweep,
Where rest not England's Dead.

On Egypt's burning plains,
By the Pyramid o'erway'd,
With fearful power the noon-day reigns,
And the palm-trees yield no shade:

But let the angry sun
From Heaven look fiercely red,
Unfelt by those whose fight is done!—
There slumber England's Dead.

The hurricane hath might
Along the Indian shore,
And far, by Ganges' banks at night,
Is heard the tiger's roar:

But let the sound roll on!
It hath no tone of dread
For those that from their toils are gone!—
There slumber England's Dead.

Loud rush the torrent-floods
The Western wilds among,
And free, in green Columbia's woods,
The Hunter's bow is strung:

But let the floods rush on!
Let the arrow's flight be sped!
Why should they seek whose task is done!—
There slumber England's Dead.

The mountain-storms rise high
In the snowy Pyrenees,
And toss the pine-boughs through the sky,
Like rose-leaves on the breeze:

But let the storm rage on!
Let the forest-wreaths be shed!
For the Roncesvalles' field is won,—
There slumber England's Dead.

On the frozen Deep's repose
'Tis a dark and dreadful hour,
When round the ship the ice-fields close,
To chain her with their power:

But let the ice drift on!
Let the cold blue desert spread!
Their course with mast and flag is done—
There slumber England's Dead.

The Warlike of the Isles!
The Men of field and wave!
Are not the rocks their funeral piles,
The seas and shores their grave?

Go, Stranger! track the Deep,
Free, free the white sail spread!
Wind may not rove, nor billow sweep,
Where rest not England's Dead.

SONGS ON ABSENCE.

My heart is with thee, Love! though now
Thou'rt far away from me:
I envy even my own thoughts,
For they may fly to thee.

The difficulty of filling this division of our miscellaneous Sheet with what is worthy of the public, can be known only by the Conductors of periodical works, daily, weekly, and monthly. We consider ourselves fortunate in partial friends of great talent, and especially in the coincidence which enables us in this week's Contributions to present our readers with these beautiful compositions, from four distinct Female pens—two by justly-estimated authors, and two by young ladies whose title to similar approbation will hardly, we think, be questioned after this specimen of genius.—Ed.

I dream of thee, and wake and weep
So sweet a dream should fly:
I pray the winds to bear thee, Love!
An echo of my sigh.

I look upon thy pictured face,
And to thy semblance say
The gentle things I'd say to thee
If thou wert not away.

I let no other share my grief,
Lest they should feel the same;
I'm jealous that another's lip
Should only breathe thy name.

I nurse my silent thoughts of thee,
As misers hoard their gold,
Or as warriors of some powerful spell,
Too sacred to be told.

I read once of a magic glass
An Eastern Fairy made;
All that was present to the thought
Was in that glass portrayed.

In one thing changed, how I do wish
The magic mirror mine:
All shapes were imaged there, but I
Would only wish for thine!

Not when pleasure's chain has bound thee,
Not when lights of joy surround thee,
Not when April birds are singing,
Not when the May-rose is springing,
Not when summer smiles above,
Think thou of thine absent love.
But when the green leaves are dying,
And the autumn gales are sighing
Like love's lingering farewell sigh,
(We have known that agony)
When flowers, like our hopes, lie dead,
And each rejoicing song is fled,
When there is nought on earth or sky
To charm the ear or win the eye,
When all is dead around, above—
Then think upon thy absent love.

Dearest! wander where you will,
I am present with you still:
Over land and over sea,
Every thought will follow thee.
Be thy flights but short as those
The honey-bee takes from the rose,
Or long as nights without a star,
My heart will be where you are.
You may change, but I will be
The very self of constancy.
Woman's heart's a fragile thing,
Born for much of suffering:
Like a lute which has a tone
Sacred to itself alone,—
However rude the hand that flings
Its touch upon the gentle strings,
Music 'wakened in that heart
Will not but with life depart—
Even in its latest sigh
Breathes that native melody.
Love is woman's life, the whole
Hope, pride, harmony of soul!
I do ask no plighted vow;
'Tis enough for me to bow,
Like a flower before the sun,
Blest but to be shone upon.
Yet I'd pray thee not forget
The rose shade where first we met:
I would have thee sometimes dwell
On that twilight hour's farewell.
Be thou faithful, life to me
Will be one dream of ecstasy;
Be thou false, my heart will make
No reproach—but love and break! L.E.L.

THE RAINBOW.

The sudden storm has passed away,
And the resplendent Lord of Day
Sheds once again his smiling ray
Upon the deepening azure sky;
While on the dark retreating cloud,
Folded and thick as sable shroud,
At once the Rainbow's beauties crowd
The heav'n-born pomp and brilliancy.
Oh, how the Sun's pure lustre gleams!
'Tis like Religion's heavenly beams,
When its descending glory streams
Upon the weeping world below;
And broken thus, its light appears,
As shining through the vale of tears,
Tinged with our mortal hopes and fears,
It takes each shade of joy or woe.

The first pale yellow tint of light
Is trembling Fear, that shrinks from sight;
But deepening to the saffron bright,
Its golden ray betokens Joy:
While Hope assumes the violet hue,
And holy Love, sublime and true,
Is mark'd by that celestial blue
That knows not earth or earth's alloy:

And meek Humility is seen,
Emblem'd upon the modest green;
While Reason's calm imperial mien
Upon the purple tinge is shewn:
And spurning even her mild control
With light that seems to crown the whole,
The Zest that fires the ardent soul
Burns brightly in the glowing red.

The splendid tints are fading—gone!
The dazzled eye can trace not one:
It sees the sunny beams alone
That in their hueless lustre shine:
And thus when this vain scene is o'er,
And earthly thoughts and passions pour
Their drops upon its light no more,
Religion will be all Divine!

Oct. 9th, 1822. SIR BEVIS OF HAMPTON.

FRAGMENT—THE INDIAN RIVER.

No eye had ever noted on its beauty,
No ear had overheard its murmurings:
It wound its solitary course along
In buoyant brightness.
That little bark—the first that ever there
Had skimmed its silver wave—winged on its way
In soundless glidance, all as if in fear
Those echoes to awake that on its banks
Had numbered since creation undisturbed.
And clothed with strange and splendid loveliness,
These gently undulating banks arose
From the blue waters clear that laved their base,
Bearing away gay spoils of flower and leaf.
To deck the Naiads, when at midnight hour,
Floating upon the element, they hymn
Their sun—the pale, yet brightly beautiful moon.
And as the bark stole on, each opening scene
Was of a differing, yet romantic grace:
Now, masses of gigantic woods arose
Towering to heaven, beneath whose gloomy shade
No shaft of sunny beam might ever pierce;
Now, trees of gay growth sprang lightly up—
Those, like the pillars of some classic temple,
Crowned gracefully with wreaths of living green;
These, like arcades in lines symmetrical,
Receded in and despaired most luxuriously;
Again, the foliage clustering wound along
In shadowy interlacement, a sweet wreath
Of glowing tints embossed upon bright green;
Berrins of scarlet hoary, in the sun;
Glistening like gems, fruits, some of delicate hue,
Soft under like young Beauty's ringlets, rose

Rich as her lip, blue beaming as her eye;
Carnation, her first blush of love—and some
Pale gold as morning's sky, orange as noon's,
As evening's crimson—purple as its twilight;
And flowers of brilliance unimaginable,
With whose proud colourings only might share vie
The plumage of the birds resplendent (there
A new and bright creation—flowers with wings)
That fluttering o'er them in their happiness,
Filled the sweet air with their wild murmuring.
Again the scene was changing, and the bark
Sailed on in shadow, as the bending trees,
Forming o'er head a rude arch, widely flung
Their leafy limbs across the void, and closed
The skies, the woods, all but the waves from view.
So thick entwined the umbrageous branches fell,
That gentle light was like an hour in life
By memory dimmed, not clouded, while afar
In the long vista brightness beamed once more.

The vaulted roof unclosed, again the flood
Reflected the blue heaven and flaming sun,
And the fringed sloping banks, and feathery trees
That o'er their marge were wavering to each breeze
Their crests of plume; and basking all beneath,
In the noon ray, gracefully sported there
The serpent, glittering in his fearful radiance;
Danger, deceit and beauty round him flung,
Death on his tongue, but witchery in his eye—
Still onward went the bark—and now the sun,
Veiling his face in glory, from that clime
Had turned away, on other worlds to smile;
At eve it rested:—what a night came on!
Clear as reflected day, you might have thought
The cloud from heaven was rent, and mortal eye
Gazing on its transparent starry pavement.
A moon was there, bright beyond thought, and yet
Undazzling: graceful—pensive—pure—refined,
That ray was intellectual—like the light
Haloing the brow of Poesy—a brilliance
Attempted finely with rich shadowings.

ISABEL.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.
WINE AND WALNUTS;

OR,
AFTER-DINNER CHIT-CHAT.
By a Cockney Greybeard.—Chap. XV.

THE MEWS GATE.

"BAILIE, as you observe," said the Doctor, "was one of those amusing talkers who flew from post to pillar. Indeed I have heard my old friend Clayton Cracherode say of him, 'Sir, if you get him in *cue*, he will give you a desultory history of what has been doing for the last half century. When I set about illustrating my *Pennant*, the Captain frequently looked in, at Queen-square; and as I always delighted in poring over the prints that represented the old town before the taking down of the signs, he used to say, in his quick energetic way, 'Hold you there, Sir, I remember passing many an hour somewhere about that spot;' then taking out his glass and examining the print, he would add, 'There, that is the house—I know it by the sign—There lived that mad fellow Orator Henley—he that had the cobblers, and the butchers, and a herd of such vermin as auditors to his ravings.' Then, Sir, would he out with some extraordinary tale of the mad Parson, that you might be sworn was original, bearing upon the very face of it circumstances that no one but himself would treasure up, and no one but himself could relate. Bailie was one *who* in his younger days fearlessly mixed in all the extravagant scenes

which then prevailed; for he was of a height and make that made even the formidable butchers themselves keep aloof. "Sir," said he, "I was much respected at the Chapel in Newport Market; and the blackguards would whisper, 'Make room for the Irish Captain.' " Then, Sir," said Cracherode, "he could help me to information, as to where I might pick up a scarce portrait or a caricature. "There is a dirty shop, Sir," he would say, "in a back alley between London Wall and the Bank, kept by a fellow who had been a shoe-black, who used to lend out his humped-back for a writing-desk to the people about the Royal Exchange, at the time of that glorious humbug, the South Sea affair—a ragged wretch, upon my conscience, who picked up a great deal of money during the height of that golden fever; and he had more than once exhibited a coat to me spotted and splashed with ink, like the wall of a stock-broker's office—for, Sir, in those days you could not get possession of even a garret for a counting-house, within a furlong of the scene of action, either for love or money." I verily believe, said Cracherode, "that he knew every hole and corner from Tower Hill within the walls, and outward, from Seven Dials to Westminster Hall, where you might find a book-stall. And then he had such a memory touching these matters—he would tell you the name and history of the oddities who kept them. The truth is, the Captain would give and take. He was free to teach them what they wished to learn—for he was a known authority; and as he condescended to be so communicative, they in return gave him their history. Indeed he had this faculty in so great a degree, when it was let into its favourite channel, that I remember to have heard an old staff-officer say, Bailie knew the name of every private in his regiment, and moreover knew the physiognomy of each, as well as certain shepherds have known the face of each sheep in the flock."

"Yes, I can vouch for that," said the Counsellor—"Bailie was a most useful jogger of the memory for an illustrator. Once I recollect meeting him at that delectable gossiping-shop at the Mews Gate—such as we shall never see its like again. There were in convocation—I am speaking of the father of the worthy bookseller in Pall Mall—honest Tom Payne, as he was called by your bookish Dons. There were Bindley, and John Byng—it was a holiday—and Cracherode, and my Lord Spencer, and Gibbon—yes, Mister Gibbon was there, and that reminds me of an odd adventure concerning a caricature on the old Duchess of Kingston, about whom there was once as much to do as about *Scratching Emory*, or the other nine-days' wonder, the *Stockwell Ghost*."

"Talking of Lord Spencer," said the Doctor, "I recollect an ingenious man who used to bring handsomely-bound books to old Payne's. I remember a copy of *Æschylus*, which was superbly ornamented, and cost a large sum—it was for my Lord, I think. It was the work of a namesake of Payne's—Was he any way related, do you know?"

"No, Doctor, he was not, that I can vouch for; but he was more kindly dealt by at the Mews Gate than some poor relations are by their wealthy kindred. No, Sir, he was no way allied but as we all are, by being the children of Adam. Sir, I can tell you, Roger Payne, certainly without a rival as an ornamental binder, was, like many another ingenious handiwork, not a whit the richer

for all his superior talent. When Master Roger, who was, I believe, a good-hearted creature, got a few pounds, he and work were at variance until the last shilling was spent—and then he buckled too, as they have it, and went to work again. Ah, Sirs! it is a sad reflection upon the community of mechanics and handicraftsmen in your country and in mine, that in nine instances out of ten, your cleverest workmen are the most dissolute, and their families can muster the biggest wardrobe of rags!

"Poor Roger, however, was no one's enemy but his own. He lived to add splendour to our libraries, and showed the way for his more prudent coadjutors to get fame and fortune—Yes, he would have died in a workhouse but for the benevolence of his namesake and patron. Sirs, Mr. Thomas Payne, out of pure respect for a helpless man of talent, supplied him with necessities, prolonged his life for some years, and at last saw him decently buried at St. Martin's, at his own expense."

"Good man! It was quite in character," said the Doctor. "How many happy hours have I passed, in days of yore, in that memorable shop! It was the most comfortable, snug repository of learning, of all that I can call to mind. Sirs, I think I see the worthy old Biblioplist standing before me now—Steady, honest, and unassuming as he gathered wealth—yes, unchangeable as the cut and colour of his coat—fond of his little joke—and then how well he understood the oddities and humours of his customers, and how skilfully, without seeming to oppose their whims and pedersties, he led those whom it was impossible to drive!"

"Faith, Doctor, there was a fascination about the place which drew one through the courts and alleys, by different currents, bump upon the Mews; and I remember my countryman Baillie saying, 'On my conscience, Sir, more than once, after his son had apostatised from the old spot, I blundered down Castle-street, and instinctively ran my nose against the old door-way.'"

"Yes, as I was about to relate, these gentlemen were at old Payne's, and some others, frequenters of this *Literary Coffee-house*, as it was not unaptly termed, when in came Mister Gibbon. What gave rise to the conversation I have forgotten; but Baillie insisted upon it that he could name a caricaturist that none of them seemed to know, and he was a painter of no small note. 'And who is he?' said Cracherode. 'John Hamilton Mortimer,' said Baillie. 'And what has he done?' said Cracherode. 'Why a very clever skit at the old Duchess of Kingston,' replied the Captain; 'I think it is entitled *Iphigenia's late Procession from Kingston to Bristol, by Chudleigh Meadows, and a devilish—*'"

"That is the very print I have been hunting after," said Gibbon, shutting with a loud clap a great Latin folio upon which he had seized almost immediately on his entering the shop. "That is a print I would give five guineas to see."

"Sir," said Baillie, with his pleasant humour, 'I will engage to procure you a sight of it for pounds, and then the shillings will pay for coach-hire; so, Mister Gibbon, if you will walk with me to Norfolk-street, I know my friend Hamilton Jack (for so he was familiarly called,) will not only show you an impression, if he has one saved, but will be proud to present you with it, for he is one

of the finest fellows of all my artistical acquaintance."

"Sir," said Gibbon, with his usual courtliness, 'I should be proud to accept your politeness; but as I have not the honour of being acquainted with Mister Mortimer, I could not feel at ease in paying him so selfish a visit. But, Captain Baillie, if through you I may be indebted for an introduction to pay my respects to him—for I am an admirer of his elegant talent—I should accept your kind office with thanks.'

"By the powers, Sir," said Baillie, 'he would take your visit as an honour, morning, noon, or night!—Sir, I know the man. But if you had rather, I will be the bearer of your desire to see this scrap of his wit, and will fix an evening when I shall be happy to introduce you; and I know, as a man of taste, you will be delighted to turn over his portfolios. He has some sketches of antique masks, which you ought to see; they are in great gusto, and worthy of Michael Angelo himself. Mr. Gibbon came into the proposal, and Baillie engaged to call for him on the appointed evening, which happened in the succeeding week. Baillie, true to his engagement, posted off to Bond-street to Gibbon's lodgings, one stormy night—and thereby hangs my tale, which, Sirs," said the lively Connellor, "as nearly as I can recollect, I will give you in the Captain's own words. The truth is, his recital amused me so much—for poor Baillie told me what passed many years after the event, that I made (idly enough, you may think) a little sketch of the conversation, and I may say I have it by heart."

Chap. XVI.—CAPTAIN BAILLIE'S TALE.

"WELL, Sir, (said the Captain,) old Samuel Wale came down from Hampstead to dine with me—you know Sam and I have been cronies for half a thousand years. Poor Wale! he is growing grey-headed like myself. Sir, I remember when Sam fancied himself the Raphael of the empire. He used to talk of striking out such mighty works; but then said he, 'Alas! there is no motive for great undertakings, for there is no national pride touching the encouragement of works of art—or else,' flourishing with his *maut-stick*, 'I'd do! I'd do! I'd do!' My old friend Samuel, however, was an ingenious man, though not exactly a Raphael—but peace to his bones!"

"The best thing Sam ever did—yes, it was indubitably his grandest work—was the sign of Shakspeare—that which used to hang out, in a carved and gilt frame, on a finely ornamented iron-work, there at the corner above Old Drury Lane Theatre; and this, one would think, the *Fates*, to show that honest Samuel murmured not without a cause, in evil hour was hauled down by act of parliament, and *sared the fate* of many another lofty sign, by being left to perish at the door of a broker's shop. Alas, poor Samuel!—ha—ha—ha—ha!—how it tickled the fancy of Gibbon, when one evening Marchant, in the simplicity of his heart, observed, 'Is it not strange in an age like this, that there should be no great historian but yourself, and but late no greater historical painter than that Mister Samuel Wale!' Sir, when Gibbon told me this, though no laugher, God knows, was he—the little punchy man—yet he roared loud enough to scare the horses in the street."

* This famous sign for many years stood at the door of Mason, the Broker, in Lower Grosvenor-street.

"Faith, I have thought when I have seen old Samuel listening to the great historian, who occasionally read scraps of his manuscript to him, at the same time commenting, and asking, 'Would not that make a fine historical subject, Master Wale?' the old gentleman has drawn himself up, and looked as grand as Michael Angelo."

"Well, Sir, Wale went with me to Bond-street, and there we found the great historian of the Roman Empire opening the shutter ever and anon, and looking up at the clouds as they galloped along, repenting him in sincerity of heart for having been fool enough to accept the engagement to go and visit Hamilton Jack—Come, Sir, said I, are you ready?—Why, Captain Baillie, said he, ready certainly I am—but willing I cannot say, Sir; for somehow I do not feel altogether right—I fear we shall have a tempestuous night, and I have a perfect horror of the wind of late.—A mere affection of the nerves, said I. Sir, *Julius Cæsar* had an antipathy for the wind, and so had Queen Elizabeth, Sir, but she did not care a curse for the rain. Now here's friend Wale will hold you down on the one side, and your old friend the Captain on the other, and we will keep you from being carried away; and as for rain, there's not enough can squeeze itself through the wind to moisten a hungry Scotchman's spoonful of meal. Come, my friend, let me help you on with your cloak—a walk will brace you up; and I'll wager my life you'll be quite at home at Mortimer's."

"To be sure poor Mister Gibbon was not a little hypochondriac, and terribly afraid of venturing abroad at night. Ah, Sir! this is the way with your men of big minds—the firing off of a penny pop-gun will upset one of your mighty geniuses whilst in the thick of the fight which their imaginations are conjuring up, where the gods themselves are being pelted with mountain-tops by the clamsy-fisted giants."

"Now perhaps you'll think I did not seduce the historian from his darling papers—then you would think right. No, Sir, it is a maxim with me to lay hold of your nervous book-men, and before they have time to muster a long file of reasons for staying at home, to drag them fairly out. Sir, I have shaken many a worthy out of these meagrimas, and have committed more frauds upon the rascally east wind than I shall ever be forgiven for in that quarter. O, Mister Ears owes me a bitter grudge, and often way-lays me of a spring morning, and takes me by the nose!"

"To be sure a man may pore and pore, until his nose become an ink-blotter, and his breech be petrified into a wooden stool—such have I known, Sir. My worthy friend Mister Gibbon used to shut himself up in that cursed old Bond-street, than which not even Doggate-hill with its everlasting rumblings was ever half so noisy, and fancy the god of Silence was keeping watch and ward—yes, and complain that all his friends had forsaken him. 'Here,' said he, 'Captain, am I sinking in solitude in the heart of the gayest street in this mighty town.' The truth is, he had the meagrimas so at times, that you might just as well be closeted with a speechless ghost—nay, worse than that, for these will speak again, old Aubrey says, when spoken to."

"Poor Marchant! many a *tis-a-tis* gossip had and Gibbon, the which a man might write with half a dip of ink. Marchant, the good creature, used to pay him a visit of a

winter's night to take his tea; and I have heard him say, 'I've sat from seven till ten, and not an hundred words have passed.' When going away, the learned historian would shake him by the hand, and say, 'I thank you kindly for this neighbourly look in—But for you, Mister Marchant, I should think myself buried alive!'

"But what is better still—by the powers, who shall discover the comical clockwork that regulates such strange machines! O, the oddities of your poets and your learned scribes!—poor Marchant, who was the mildest, the most enduring of all among the ingenious I have known, used to say, 'I know not how it is, my kind and worthy neighbour Mister Gibbon is never in a humour to talk of late, but when he is lighting me to the stair-head; when he seems roused from his reverie—or call it what you may—by the cold air, and getting me by the button, will begin—"Well, Mr. Marchant, but is there no news stirring?"—and there have I been kept until my teeth chattered in my head."

"Well, Sir, we got my historian out, and off we posted for Mortimer's; but touching the object of the expedition, he was as much abroad as the man in the moon—the devil a thought of the Duchess of Kingston or the caricature. No sooner had we reached Piccadilly than he was for returning home; when Master Wale, who knew his man, called a hackney-coach, and having caged our bird, away we drove for the Strand. To be sure, I shall not soon forget how it blew as we turned the corner into Norfolk-street; the tiles were rattling about, and a chimney-pot came crash upon the roof of the coach, which made the coachman observe, who was a humorous fellow, as we alighted a few paces from the spot—"It was lucky, gentlemen, that it should come rattling to us."—"Why so, my friend?" said Wale—"Why better by half, your honour, than we should go to pot." A good specimen of English wit—hey, Sir? The devil a bit—Coachey was my countryman!

"When Mister Gibbon stepped out, he rushed into the passage, pale as death. Sir, I've known your studious men so sensitive—so finely strung—such, Sir, as well as the pigs, will foretell a gale of wind for hours before you shall perceive the stirring of a leaf. Sir, the blood shall leave the fingers and the toes, as cold and lifeless as the chiselled marble of Roubiliac—though that is a foolish figure, sure enough. The marble may be cold, but he would lie who called it lifeless. Well, Sir, my friend Mortimer received his distinguished guest with all the warmth of his noble heart; and seating him in a chair, opened the buffet, and poured him out a bumping glass of brandy. 'Come, Sir,' said he, 'I perceive your abhorrence of a storm.' Gibbon would have declined the drink; but Mortimer, with a civil sort of force, put the glass to his lips, and with his irresistible persuasiveness, tilted it into his mouth, gayly accompanying the act with—"Take it off, take it off, my dear Sir—never fear!—it will fit you to face the devil!'

"Mister Gibbon, Sir, was the very man to feel the full force of this original frankness. The potent cordial and the kindness chased away the blue devils; and as soon as he had recovered his breath, he shook his lively host by the hand, saying, 'My dear Sir, if I had such a neighbour as you, I should soon become another man. Upon my word, Mister Mortimer, you have roused me

—I have not felt so gay for many a day, and indeed I thank you from my heart.' When, listening to a sudden gust that swept some few more pantiles into the street, he exclaimed—"Heaven protect the mariner this tremendous night! How awfully the wind roars in your chimney!'

"'It is my delight,' said the enthusiastic painter, clapping his hands—"I would push out in a pater-boat," or cut off my tail and play the cockswain in old Mother Damnable's sieve, and steer her right before the wind all the way to Aleppo, drink a bowl of punch with the master o' the Tiger, and anchor at Strand Lane before the watchman left his rounds!'

"Gibbon stared—Gibbon smiled—Gibbon laughed—yes, laughed outright, Sir, and well he might. Yes, Master Hamilton Jack was the man to shake you out of the spleen.

"'I have heard much of your reputation among the lovers of manly sports,' said Gibbon; 'but I must have known you to credit this. Upon my word, my gay friend, I have never until now comprehended in its best sense what it was that constituted your choice spirit, and now I have discovered it in you. I have been at sea, my dear Sir; and the time has been when I had the discretion, the nerve to hide my apprehensions, for I cannot say I always felt at ease. I could not now brave a seaman's life; one such night as this—No, (smiling as he said it) not even for a glorious cenotaph in Westminster Abbey. How I am to get home! (another roaring down the chimney.)—Surely, gentlemen, this is very awful!'

"'Home!—O, as for that,' said Mortimer, 'pray, Sir, do not let that trouble you—You shall remain here—that is, if you will do me so great an honour, and take a bed—or sit up, if you had rather. Mrs. Mortimer will make you up a bed in a twinkling.'

"'O, Mister Mortimer, I could not think—I could not allow—'

"'God's my life, Sir, she is the best creature in the world. Here, my dear Master,' calling outside the door to his wife in the drawing-room—(this was his mode of addressing the delightful creature, who certainly was an *unique*)—"Dear Master, will you not provide me a warm bed for a great man?'

"'Fye, fye, Mister Mortimer!' said the modest historian.

"'Fye, fye!' repeated Jack—"Why, my good Sir, in the name of Heaven who would turn out such a night as this, who had no fancy for a storm? I'd never do what I did not like—No, Sir, I would not wait for to-morrow if I were an emperor! You shall be tucked in here to-night, my honoured Sir—that's *pezy-rozy-tito*!—And so he was."

* Mortimer kept a sailing-boat, and was one of the most skilful among the *amateur* sailors.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.

Oct. 3, 1822.

ALREADY the brilliant hotels of the Chaussée d'Antin, and the more sombre Salons of Faubourg St. Germain, begin to be peopled by their elegant proprietors; and already the tailors and milliners torture their inventive faculties to furnish new forms and names for winter costumes. *Les toques à l'Écluse, des robes à l'Égide, et à la Solitaire*, are no longer the rage; but the arbiters expect with impatience the romance of Viscount d'Arlequin, to distinguish by the names of his

heroes some of their more material productions.

Talma leaves in November, and every lover of his country and of the drama is anxious to have another opportunity, before his departure, to admire and applaud the actor who for twenty years has been the ornament and honour of the French theatre, and whose loss cannot be supplied. He is to appear in a few days in a new tragedy, of which I wrote you—the *Citennestre* of M. Soumel. Mdlle. Duchesnois will play *Citennestre*, and Talma *Oreste*. Another tragedy by the same author will be performed shortly at the Odeon; it is entitled *Saul*. The two pieces will be before the public at the same time, and they are so well spoken of, that M. Soumel is likely to have the honour of a double triumph.

The Royal Academy of Music is about to give *Aspasie* and *Périsles*, an opera in one act, and another in three acts, entitled *Sapho*: the music of the latter is by M. Reicha, a much-esteemed harmonist.

A comedy in one act, by M. Scribe, has been unanimously admitted at the Théâtre Français;—*L'Aveugle* is the title, and it is in verse.

Mademoiselle Leontine Fay, of whose precocious talents you have doubtless heard, has been very ill. Only twelve years of age, she has attracted crowds to the *Gymnase Dramatique*, and astonished all the world by her grace, her intelligence, and her correctness. Her diminutive stature gave additional interest and merit to her acting. Since her illness she has grown three inches; and when she re-appears, the little girl will be converted into a woman.

M. Porseval, Grand-maison of the Académie Française, author of several esteemed works, is about to publish an epic poem in twelve cantos. It is the fruit of twenty years' study. The subject is national; *Philippe Auguste* is his hero, and the work is said to abound in poetical beauties.

A work of another nature has just appeared, and produces an extraordinary interest in the literary world. It is a philosophical history of the Roman Emperors, from Cæsar to Constantine, par M. Thoulotté, formerly sub-prefect. The judicious observations, accurate delineations, and dignified style of the author, are universally applauded. The work is dedicated to M. M. Constant and D'Argenson, deputies. It is expected that it will appear in English and German.

In a few days there will appear a curious publication, which will be extremely sought after. It is *Des Mémoires sur la Cour de Louis XIV. et la Régence, extraits de la Correspondance allemande de Mad. Elisabeth Charlotte, Duchesse D'Orléans, mère du Regent*. This work contains a number of interesting anecdotes; the style of the Duchess is most strange, but is forgotten in her good sense, and good conduct in the midst of a most corrupt court.

Daughter of the Elector Palatine Charles Louis and of the Princesses of Hesse Cassel, she was sent to France at nineteen years of age, to marry the Duke of Orléans, the brother of Louis XIV., and whose first wife had been poisoned (Henrietta of England). The authors of the murder known, remained unpunished.

She gives the following portrait of herself, and certainly it is not flattering.

"I was born at Heideberg (1632) in the seventh month. I must have been very ugly: I had no features, little eyes, a fat and short nose, long and flat lips—all this could not

form an expressive countenance. I had large hanging cheeks and a great face—at the same time, that my figure was small, short, and fat—the body and thighs very short. Sum total: I was a little ugly cat; and if I had not a good heart, nobody could endure me. To see if my eyes had expression, it was necessary to have a microscope. In all the world there were not more vulgar hands than mine. The King often made these observations, and we laughed together heartily at my ugliness. I will give you in another letter some more extracts. If all the ladies would give us as faithful a description of themselves, what amusing memoirs we might have!

Oct. 9, 1822.

The Memoirs of the Court of Louis XIV. and the Regency, by the Duchess of Orleans, which I mentioned in my last, expose most amply the corruption of the courts and the governments of those periods. The courtiers rivalled each other in perfidy, servility and debauchery. The women employed the most shameless coquetry and intrigue to displace one favourite and to elevate another. The Jesuits and the monks did not even take the trouble to hide with the veil of hypocrisy their gross and habitual profligacy. In fact, according to these curious Memoirs, it would have been next to impossible to have found an honest courtier, a virtuous woman, or a pious minister, in the circle of the court. Some of the anecdotes are very dull.

"The king (Louis XIV.) eat to a most frightful degree. I have seen him devour at his dinner, first, three plates of soup of different kinds, a pheasant, a partridge, roast mutton and garlic, two large pieces of ham, a plate of salad, a plate of poultry and another of fruit, &c. &c." After such a dinner, it is not surprising that he was styled *Louis le Grand*. Apropos of eating: The classic death of Comte a Duke d'Essears, who lately departed this life, is much spoken of and much admired; he literally died at his post and covered with glory. He was maître d'hôtel to his Majesty; and the ladies of the faubourg St. Germain declare that he breakfasted with a certain august personage on some celebrated german sausages, and played so courageously his part, that though his companion was only indisposed afterwards, the maître d'hôtel himself expired the next morning.

"Louis XIV. (notre feu Roi) told me that Christina, queen of Sweden, instead of a night-cap, always enveloped her head with a towel. One night, being unable to sleep, she ordered music in her chamber, and had the curtains drawn over her bed; but enchanted with some part of the performance, she thrust her head through the curtains, and screamed, *Mort diable! qu'ils chantent bien*. The musicians, and especially the eunuchs, were so terrified at her head and nose, that they all ran away."

"The Cardinal Richleu had sometimes violent attacks of a kind of madness—sometimes he fancied himself a horse, and leapt over the billiard table, neighing and capering. This would last for an hour, when his people would get him to bed, and cover him well with bed clothes to produce perspiration: sleep restored him entirely."

She mentions several anecdotes of Madame de Gordon, one of her ladies of honour, and great aunt to Lord Handley. Among the rest, she says, "when she talked with gentlemen, she had the habit of playing with

the buttons of their waistcoats. Having occasion one day to speak with the Chevalier Beuvron, captain of the guards of Monsieur, a very tall man, she began as usual; but as she only reached his waist, it was another part of his dress that she was fast unbuttoning; the Captain, terribly frightened, exclaimed; *Mahum, que me, voulez vous?* This occasioned much laughter in the salon of St. Cloud."

Mr. A. Mahul has published the second volume of his Annual Necrology. This work gives the memoirs of all distinguished persons who have died in the course of the year. A very extensive correspondence enables him to give correct and ample memoirs of foreigners. This volume contains Napoleon and George III. There is in general an honourable impartiality in the notices, but sometimes too great tenderness of the faults of the dead. "*On doit des éloges aux vivants*," says Voltaire, *on ne doit aux morts que la vérité*.

Julien dans les Gaules, a new Tragedie par M. D. Jouy, author of *Sylla*, has been received with unanimous approbation at the Théâtre Français! The same Theatre has also received, a long time since, a tragedy by M. Lucien Arnault, author of *Regulus*; entitled, *La Conjuration des Fœdi*. The reputation of the writers renders the public impatient for the performance of these new pieces. Alas! the censure, the censure.

M. Arnault, père, has four tragedies received, which the censors, after all their doctoring, adjourn, under various pretexts. One is entitled *the Guefs* and the *Gibelins*, another *Guillaume de Nassau*, another *Lucurgue*, and a fourth *Pertinax ou les Prétoriens*. *Les Guefs et les Gibelins*, is a first-rate production and full of poetical beauties; the sentiments are particularly adapted to the moment, the horrors of civil discord are strikingly depicted.

The arrestation of one of our literary men, at Calais, M. Bowring, has produced a great sensation; he was known and esteemed by many of our first literary characters.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—On Tuesday night this theatre (though then the alterations were not quite finished), was lighted up for the inspection of a large assemblage of Critics composed of genuine motley; Noblemen; Members of Parliament, ministerial and opposition; Authors, dramatists, poetic, and prosaic; Artists, historical and of landscape; Actors, tragic, comic, musical, pantomimical; Amateurs; Idlers, including Lawyers in consequence of the long vacation, Soldiers and Sailors in consequence of the peace, and Landowners in consequence of the intillity of cultivation; Managers; Architects; Editors; Reporters; Ladies of all kinds, married as well as single, et cetera. The unanimous opinion of the meeting confirmed our original report on the alterations of the theatre—see *Literary Gazette* (as every

* Miserable men come at length to make merry with their miseria; we are indebted to a Sporting Farmer, with whose beagles we were out the other day, for the following Epigram:—

On the Agricultural Distress.
"Here's so much stagnant water," observed a good Squire
To a brother, "It surely must draining re-
"No by G—," said his friend, "our stagna-
tion is such; (much T)
'Tis a paradox—that we are all drained too

senible person ought weekly!) so long back as No. 297—that comfort and splendour had been equally consulted in the judicious re-modelling of this house. The Dress Circle is at once rich and snug; the family Boxes (which when not previously engaged are to be opened to the general audience,) allow of even better vision than we anticipated; the Pit is greatly improved by a neat and commodious division of passages, something in the form of a Y, and by backs to the seats rows alternately; and, in short, all the other changes which we mentioned in our Number alluded to, have fully answered our expectations. It only remains to let us have sterling performances, and the success of the theatre cannot be problematical. From the list of the company† published, we see that no failure in this respect need be anticipated in so far as able performers in every line are concerned. If they will draw well together, Mr. Elliston has abundant strength for the adequate representation of our best stock pieces, or for any novelties which the genius of the day may produce. It is, however, to be regretted by the public (and we refer to both theatres,) that the jealousies and pretensions of leading actors so often interfere to deprive it of gratifications in their combined efforts, to which, as liberal, nay munificent in its patronage, it has so just a claim. But this is a topic which demands much more discussion than we can at present afford; and till the press takes it up we suppose we must go on as heretofore with our best performers resembling Castor and Pollux,—whenever one is up, the other must be down.

On Wednesday the theatre was opened for the season with a poetical address written by G. Colman, *The School for Scandal*, and *The Poor Soldier*. The first has been in all the newspapers, and is a smart "prologue to some merry play." The second was done *en potence*, Terry, Sir Peter; Dowton, Sir Oliver; Cooper, Joseph; Elliston, Charles; Harley, Sir Benjamin; Gattie, Crabtree; Mrs. West, Lady Teazle; Mrs. Glover, Candour; and Miss Smithson, Maria. The third introduced a Mr. Miller as Dermot; but his musical qualifications seem too limited even for the contracted size of Drury. All the novelties and all the entertainments were hailed with great applause.

On Thursday, Mr. Young appeared for the first time at this House, and was cheered to the echo. His Hamlet was the same excellent embodying of the character which has been so admired at Covent Garden; but the performance was not altogether so well sustained by the merit of the subordinate actors. Madame Vestris, in Ophelia, (a part dissimilar to her general line of acting,) showed the happy facility with which she can adapt her rare talents to the serious. She sang the air with great sweetness, and performed with feeling. Perhaps the lament, on her conviction of Hamlet's derangement, has never been more beautifully or pathetically pronounced. A Mr. King, from Dublin, as Horatio, was quiet and respectable. We angust well of him, for he has judgment, if he possesses powers.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.—Miss Chester repeated the part of Mrs. Oakley on Wednesday with greater ease than before. *Alas!*

† Dowton is, we observe, at Drury Lane, not at Covent Garden as reported. He is of great value, wherever he is.

the *Forty Thieves*, and other established afterpieces, have maintained their wonted attractions; but nothing new of any consequence has called for criticism. Miss Lacy has also repeated *Belvidera* with greater self-possession. Her talents are considerable, but her face and general appearance are greatly against the character.

The Haymarket Theatre closed a successful campaign on Tuesday with a sterling Comedy, well acted, and X. Y. Z. Mrs. Chatterley's benefit on Friday was, like Liston's, a bumper.—This actress rises rapidly in public opinion.

Miss Clara Fisher is said to be among the great acquisitions to Drury Lane; and it is added, that Mr. George Colman is writing a little piece expressly for her.

Sadler's Wells Theatre closed on Monday; and its manager, Mr. Egerton, has, we hear, transferred his exertions to the Olympic, for the winter.

July, in a piece produced the other day at Paris, called the *Two Tailors of Windsor*, obtained great applause by imitating the principal London tragedians in *Hamlet's* Soliloquy.

VARIETIES.

Lieut. Franklin, Dr. Richardson, and Lieut. Back, the gentlemen who composed the Land Expedition to the Shores of the Northern American Continent, have arrived safely at Stromness.

Captain Cochrane, whose remarkable expeditions have been frequently noticed in the *Literary Gazette*, has, it is stated, closed his Siberian excursions by marrying a native of Kamtschatka, with whom he is now returning, having been disappointed in the discovery of a junction between Asia and America, though he has formed one himself between Asia and Europe.

Mrs. Garrick, the widow of David Garrick, died on Wednesday in her house, Adelphi Terrace. She was 98 years of age, and had survived her celebrated husband forty-three years. Her birth-place is stated to have been Vienna, and her early life there was commenced as a dancer under the name of Violante. She was extremely beautiful, and lived in union with Garrick thirty years.

On the 4th, an Aurora Borealis was visible on the north to the inhabitants of Paris. A terrible storm followed.

Incidents.—A letter from Switzerland asserts that the following circumstance lately occurred at a village in the Canton of Berne. The clergyman learnt that several of the Roman Catholic inhabitants read the New Testament, and incensed at this, he ordered them, "on their obedience as Christians," to deliver their copies to him. On the following Sunday he brought them all together, tore off the bindings, which he restored to the owners, and threw the Testaments into the fire!

Parrots.—The Greeks originally were acquainted with but one species of Parrot (or *Psittacus*), which was imported from the East by Alexander's Captains. The Romans knew no other species but those from India till the time of Nero; when they were also brought from the Island of *Gagonda*, far up the river Nile. After the Portuguese doubled the Cape of Good Hope, they became much more numerous in Europe; and now, we observe from a recent work on Natural His-

tory, this almost inexhaustible and beautiful genus has been divided into no fewer than two hundred and thirty-nine species!

A French violin player is so remarkable for his skill, that he is called, par excellence, "The Alexander of Fiddlers!!" St. Paul's Cathedral is lighted with gas.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The well known Count Las Casas has announced his intention of publishing a work in eight volumes 8vo. under the title of "*Mémoires de S. Helene*," in which he professes to record every thing that Napoleon said and did at St. Helena, during the eighteen months that Las Casas was with him.

Late accounts from Naples state, that the Travels of the late Count Camello Borgia, in the north of Africa, particularly Tunis, which have been several times mentioned in early Numbers of the *Literary Gazette*, have been actually sent to the press by his widow.

The continental Almanacks for 1823 are already out, and even in circulation in London. We have on our table the very pretty interesting *Almanach des Dames*, and the neat and useful *Almanach de Gotha*. The former is a pleasing little miscellany for French readers; the latter is also adorned with prints, and has some peculiar and excellent tables.

The Quarterly Review, forthcoming next week, offers an enticing table of contents; and at last, we are glad to see among the rest, a criticism on Lord Byron's *Cain*, &c. We take some credit in having stimulated both our gigantic and powerful contemporaries to this tardy duty. The Edinburgh article was, in our opinion, one of the best that ever appeared even in that publication; and we trust the Quarterly will be equally distinguished.

Contents of the Journal de Savans for September.—Art. 1. Baour-Lormian, the Jerusalem Delivered, translated into French verse; reviewed by M. Raynouard.—2. Simond, Voyage en Suisse (2d Article); by M. Raoul Rochette.—3. Baron Massias, Rapport de la nature à l'homme, et de l'homme à la nature; by M. Abel Remusat.—4. Letronne, Note sur deux inscriptions de la Statue de Memnon, et sur celle du Nilomètre d'Elephantine; (original).—5. R. Lawrence, Translation of the Book of Enoch; by M. Silvestre de Sacy.—6. Brnn, Leçons idéologiques; by M. Danton.—7. Saint Martin, Notice sur quelques MSS. grecs. apportés récemment d'Egypte; (original).

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE.

OCTOBER.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday	10 from 43 to 59	29.76 to 29.89
Friday	11 from 37 to 56	30.06 to 30.05
Saturday	12 from 42 to 60	29.90 to 29.64
Sunday	13 from 48 to 60	29.46 to 29.36
Monday	14 from 41 to 57	29.80 to 29.88
Tuesday	15 from 39 to 52	29.84 to 29.58
Wednesday	16 from 42 to 58	29.35 to 29.26

A southerly wind prevailed till Sunday, since that, changeable. The 10th, 11th, and 14th, generally clear; the rest of the week cloudy, with much rain.—Rain fallen 1 inch and $\frac{1}{10}$ of an inch.

Tuesday, 23d, at 14h 11' 52" Jupiter's 1st Satellite, and at 18h 9' 59" his 2d Satellite, will each immerse into his shadow.

On Thursday the 24th, at 40' 21" past 8 in the evening, Jupiter's 1st Satellite, and on Saturday the 26th, at 28' 8" past 7 o'clock, his 2d Satellite, will each immerse into his shadow.

Edmonton.

JOHN ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Poetry, Bankruptcies, &c.

Our *Literary Gazette* has not seldom been accidentally confounded in supercriptions, orders, &c. &c. with the *Official London Gazette*. Thus the Editor of the latter has been desired to forward his valuable and entertaining paper regularly to 5c-and-ss; while we have been directed to insert Commissions of Lunacy and Bankruptcy, the Dissolutions of Partnerships, Compositions with Creditors, Dividends, Superannuations, and Certificates. These mistakes, combined with a phrase in a Correspondent's Letter of last week, have led us to look at our pages with a new eye, as the record of Literary Adventure and too often of Political Bankruptcy. We specify Poetry, because it seems to be the most general trade now carried on—

Some will heroic verse compose
On maggots squeezed from out their nose;
A brewer's dray cannot pass by
But stands tied up in Elegy—(Butler, altered.)

It is our misfortune not only to be made acquainted with almost every public effort in this line, but we rarely believe there is hardly a private desire in the kingdom who has not tried to get us to take some of his or her wares. If we decline buying, we are pressed to accept; if we resist the obligation of presents, we are cajoled, beseeched, plagued, reasoned with, or denounced for our why and wherefore. If we say bluntly, "we'll none o' t," we are rude; if we unhappily add a compliment to soften refusal, assuredly that instance will cost us sundry propositions to render us more agreeable, and at least sixteen letters, pro and con, to allow us to make what alterations we think fit (a thing we always do without leave); to suggest other views of the original matter; to augment it, which would make it better, to curtail it, which would not make it worse; if verse, to turn it into prose, as the French translators have done Don Juan; or if prose, to turn it into the semblance of verse, as is done with a vast quantity of the same material by most of our modern authors. Then all the painful writers of both sexes know that we are anxious to encourage rising genius (some of 'em spell it genus) and it is incredible the multitude of crudités therefore sent to us—just as if, because we love roasted chickens, we should be invited, nay pressed, to eat half-hatched eggs; which we detest.

Urged by a consideration of these and other things too tedious to mention, we have resolved to adopt the example of our worthy namesake and contemporary, and to allot a part of our impression to the business of the week. Thus we begin it.

Saturday's Gazette.

Home Department.—Received T. B. complaining of the altered tiles on Pancras Church. B's Tale from the Life does not exactly suit our Miscellany.

Partnership Dissolved.—With R. B. for the Rhymes—calmness and harmless, lovely and serene.

Bankruptcies.—Johannes, Dealer in Sonnets to Dover Cliff, &c. &c. Ditto to the Moon (that lunatic might by this time be made of the Sonnets made on her); Ditto on Ethelinda, ditto.

Certificates.—That *Fidèle* scribbles nonsense; that we have not time to read, far less to correct Emma's effusions; and that Mrs. J. had better nurse her children, if she has any, than write Odes on Tommy's Birth-day.

Memorandum.—We (the Lords of the *Literary Gazette*) were on pestered with an influx of Sonnets on Tuesday the 15th, which, on referring to our Astronomical Conduitor, we find to be the epocha of a New Moon, that we directed one of the least poetical of our number to shew us impromptu if such compositions were really so difficult as to deserve our insertion and the public regard. He instantly produced the following—

SONNET—SOMETHING NEW!

A "Sonnet something new" it cannot be.
These fourteen-line short things I long have read;
And during fourteen years could never see
One single sentence, whereof could be said
'Tis new in thought or word. Ah, woe is me
Who through a felon's term transported could not be.
Is't then impossible for modern Muse
To forge, an Pallas sprung from Jove's head,
A novelty, equipt from hein to show,
And perfect as original—fresh from the brain?
I'll do myself that pattern may at be looking—
Done without study, bothering or pain.
This Sonnet shall be endless time remain.
Writ with a Toothpick dipped in Warren's Blacking.

In our next Number, we purpose giving an accurate Plate, handsomely engraved, and a complete description, of the Steam Printing Machine, as now used in its most improved state.

